

No.  
122  
Oct.  
'68

# MAD<sup>IND</sup> <sup>®</sup>

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MICHAEL  
DRUCKER  
+ Norm Mingo



# MAD'S Modern Believe It or Nuts!

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE WRITER: ARNIE KOEN

**G.G. GLICK,**  
a New York Men's Wear Manufacturer,  
ONCE HAD SUCH A BAD SEASON  
THAT HE ACTUALLY  
FIRED HIS SON-IN-LAW!

THE REALLY  
UNBELIEVABLE THING  
ABOUT THIS WAS...  
HIS SON-IN-LAW  
DIDN'T  
EVEN WORK  
FOR HIM!

IF A SONG AND DANCE MAN WERE  
TO START TAP DANCING WITH A  
STRAW HAT AND CANE  
AND CONTINUE FOR

**15 YEARS  
WITHOUT  
STOPPING**  
...

**G. Plimpton,**

a writer and reporter,  
LIVED WITH THE  
**PITTSBURG  
STEELERS**  
FOR SIX MONTHS  
WHILE POSING  
AS ONE OF THEM

AND YET,  
NEVER WROTE A BOOK ABOUT IT!

HOWEVER, SHE DID SELL HER STORY TO "TRUE CONFESSIONS"!

ON FEB. 12, 1967, A  
DESPONDENT MAN STOOD  
ON A 12<sup>TH</sup> FLOOR LEDGE  
OF THE BOSTON HILTON,  
ABOUT TO COMMIT  
SUICIDE .... AND YET,  
**THE CROWD DID  
NOT YELL FOR  
HIM TO JUMP!**

THE CROWD DID,  
HOWEVER, SCREAM  
FOR HIM TO SET  
FIRE TO HIMSELF!

...IT'S LIKELY THAT  
HE'D EITHER BE  
"COMMITTED"  
OR EVENTUALLY  
ELECTED A  
SENATOR  
FROM  
CALIFORNIA!

**THE FOUNTAINROC SANDS**

...A 35 STORY LUXURY RESORT HOTEL  
WAS ERECTED IN 1965, AND TO THE  
AMAZEMENT OF ALL, WAS NOT  
**OSTENTATIOUS OR GAUDY**  
BUT WAS BUILT ON THE PRINCIPLE OF  
SIMPLE ELEGANCE AND QUIET GOOD TASTE!

THE HOTEL WENT BANKRUPT AFTER TWO WEEKS



# MAD

"A kiss is valid proof that two heads are better than one!"  
—Alfred E. Neuman

WILLIAM M. GAINES *publisher* ALBERT B. FELDSTEIN *editor*

JOHN PUTNAM *art director* LEONARD BRENNER *production*  
JERRY De FUCCIO, NICK MEGLIN *associate editors*  
JACK ALBERT *lawsuits*  
GLORIA ORLANDO, CELIA MORELLI, JOAN ZECCA,  
CURTIS ANDERSON *subscriptions*  
CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS AND WRITERS  
*the usual gang of idiots*

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- ☐ DON MARTIN Steps Out
- ☐ DON MARTIN Bounces Back
- ☐ DON MARTIN Drops 13 Stories
- ☐ MAD's Captain Klutz
- ☐ DAVE BERG Looks At The U.S.A.
- ☐ DAVE BERG Looks At People
- ☐ DAVE BERG Looks At Things
- ☐ The All-New SPY vs. SPY
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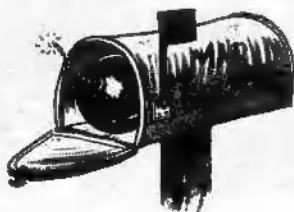
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**WANTED,** a few sharp-eyed readers interested in buying limited number of "Alfred E. Neuman For President" Kits. Each kit contains 1 self-adhesive Bumper Sticker, 1 full-color Campaign Button, 5 Lapel Pins and 2 full-color Campaign Posters—all for \$1.00. Mail back to: MAD, 485 MADison Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10022 (Remember, our supply is limited!)

## LETTERS DEPT.



### BLUE-EYED KOOK

With regard to your satire, "Blue-Eyed Kook" in MAD #120, what we have there is a failure to communicate.

Kelly Cannon  
Burbank, Calif.

Only Communists, atheists, or MAD would have the audacity to ridicule a man like Paul Newman, who is the epitome of all that is sacred in the world. Let it be known: I have sacrificed my last cheeseburger to purchase your magazine.

Monica L. Cloutier  
River Falls, Wisc.

Without a doubt, "Blue-Eyed Kook" was one of your greatest satires. It was perfect. And anyone who doesn't think so — goes into the "Box"!

Howard Franklin  
No. Hollywood, Calif.

### DO YOU KENYA THIS?

Jambo:

Watu wengi penda MAD mzuri sana hapa Kenya. Sisi soma MAD mbili kwa

mojo.

Kwaheri  
Kenya, Africa



### THE MAD HATE BOOK—VOL. II

"The MAD Hate Book—Vol. II" in your July issue (#120) was really funny . . . that is, if you compare it to the rest of the junk in your magazine.

Katya Goncharoff  
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Don't you hate magazines that print stupendous articles (like "The MAD Hate Book") and then wait one full year to print sequels to them?

Pepin Marti  
San Juan, P. R.

I really broke up over "The MAD Hate Book—Vol. II." Don't you hate great articles that aren't long enough?

Chris Sherwood  
Smogtown (P'gh.) Pa.

In the past five years of reading MAD, I have only read one article better than "The MAD Hate Book—Vol. II" and that was "The MAD Hate Book—Vol. I."

Mike Davidson  
Lake Forest, Ill.

Don't you hate being reminded of all the things you hate by some stupid article in some stupid magazine?

Geoff Miller  
Pulaski, N. Y.

# THE GREAT SOCIETY ALPHABET BOOK

The Jacobs & Brandel masterpiece, "The Great Society Alphabet Book," adds to MAD's reputation as being one of the 20th Century's greatest moral publications.

Bruce H. Boggess  
Colorado State Penitentiary

So if you've been reading this great moral publication, what are you doing there?—Ed.

From the "American Flag" to the "Zillions of Wasted Dollars," it was a work of art.

Robert Gilhool  
Tampa, Florida

## BULLING YOUR WAY THROUGH EXAMS

Thank you for your fine article: "MAD's Simplified ABC Method of Bulling Your Way Through Final Exams." You have proven one of the points we try to make about the meaninglessness of academic jargon. Thank you also for showing my colleagues that I'm not a complete nut for using MAD in my teaching. And you don't have to send my copy in a plain brown wrapper any more.

Richard D. Erlich  
University of Illinois

## MAD ARTICLES YOU NEVER GOT TO SEE

With "Some MAD Articles You Never Got To See" you have reached your peak. You have satirized yourself. You are probably the first magazine to do this, and I doubt whether any other will have the nerve to follow. Congratulations!

Sandie Henchel  
Fair Lawn, N. J.

As far as those examples of "Some MAD Articles (We) Never Got To See" are concerned, I'm glad we didn't!

Mark Raymond  
Harrison, Iowa

After making a comparative analysis of the "MAD Articles (We) Never Got To See" with those we did, I am seriously considering the possibility of cancelling my subscription in your magazine and subscribing to your trash can.

Alice Tyler  
Vienna, Va.

## SPECIAL GROSS SUBSCRIPTION RATE

Although other prices have increased through the years, I would like to know if your "Special Gross Subscription" rate as stated in MAD #20 still goes? You know: "24,000 issues for only \$3000."

Michael Gold  
Lincolnwood, Ill.

Yes, it still goes!—Ed.

Please address all correspondence to:  
MAD, Dept. 122, 485 MADison Avenue  
New York, New York 10022

# WHY NOT HAVE THE NEXT ISSUE SENT DIRECTLY TO YOUR HOME?



ARTIST: PAUL COKER, JR.

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New York, N. Y. 10022

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NO  
THROUGH  
TRUCKING

Yep! That's what our publisher said: "No, I'm through trucking those forshugginer full-color portraits of Alfred E. Neuman, MAD's 'What-Me Worry?' kid, every time we move! Get rid of them!" Which is why—aside from our regular deal of 1 for 25c, 3 for 50c, and 9 for \$1.00—we can now offer you 27 for \$2.00. So help make our next moving job easier. Mail money to: MAD, 485 MADison Avenue, New York, New York 10022



## FAMOUS FUNNIES DEPT.

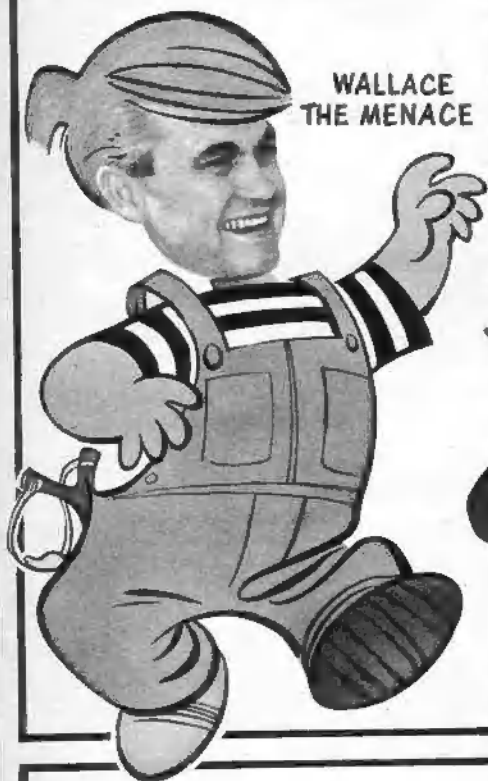
Y'know what the trouble with most "Comic Strips" is? They're old-fashioned, they're not funny anymore, and the characters have been around too long! So we'd like to make a suggestion to the Newspaper Comic Strip Syndicates: Take a good look at the insane things happening in the world today, and the idiotic people who are making them happen, and let's see something like ...

# MAD'S UPDATE

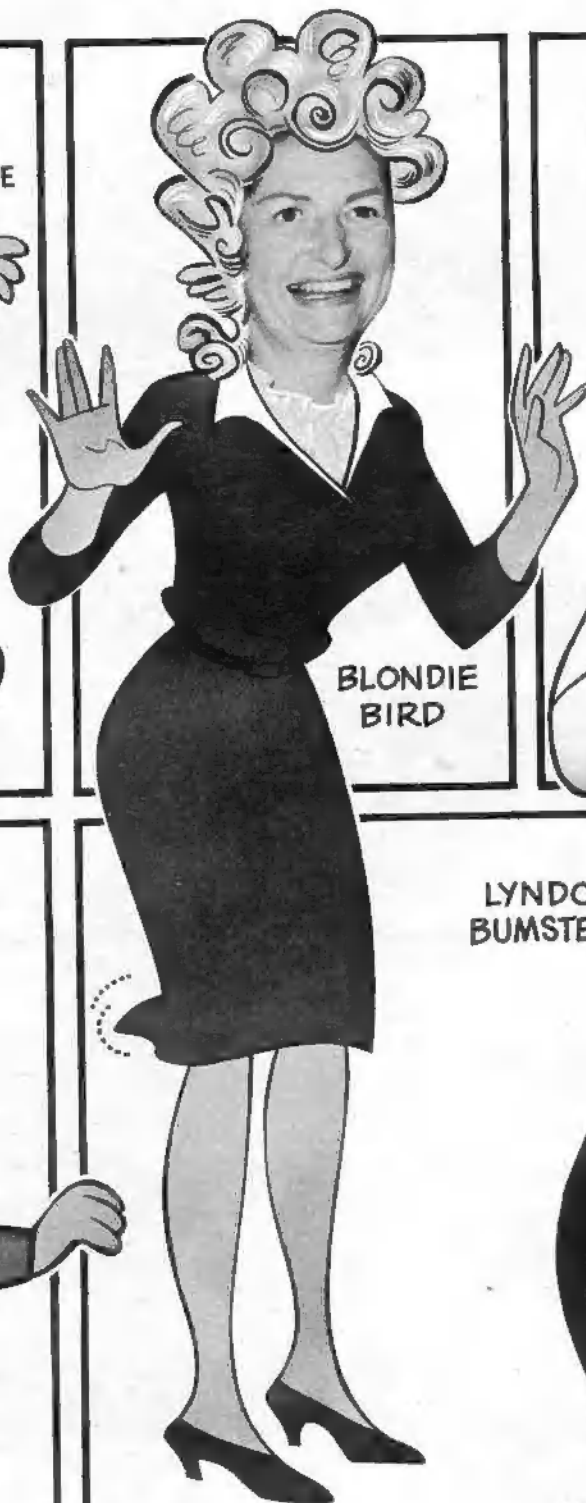
ARTIST: BOB CLARKE



WALLACE  
THE MENACE



BLONDIE  
BIRD



LYNDON  
BUMSTEAD



HUBERT  
MAGOO



PHOTOS BY:  
UPI AND  
WORLD WIDE



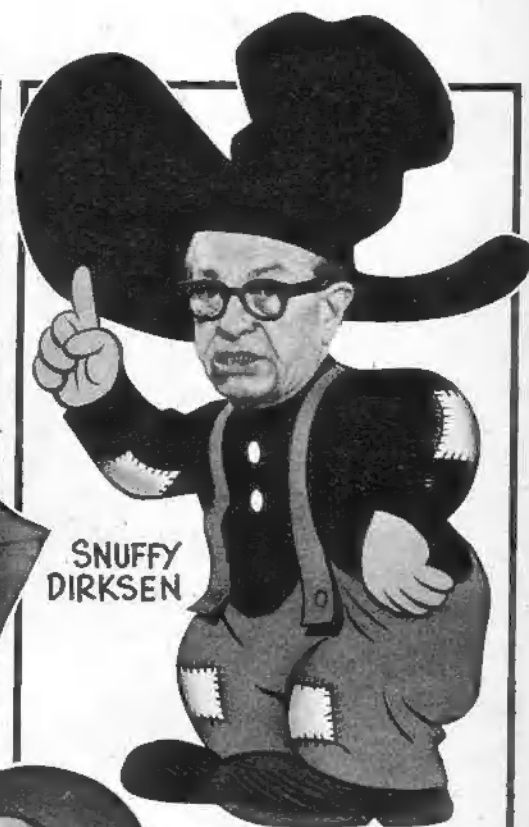
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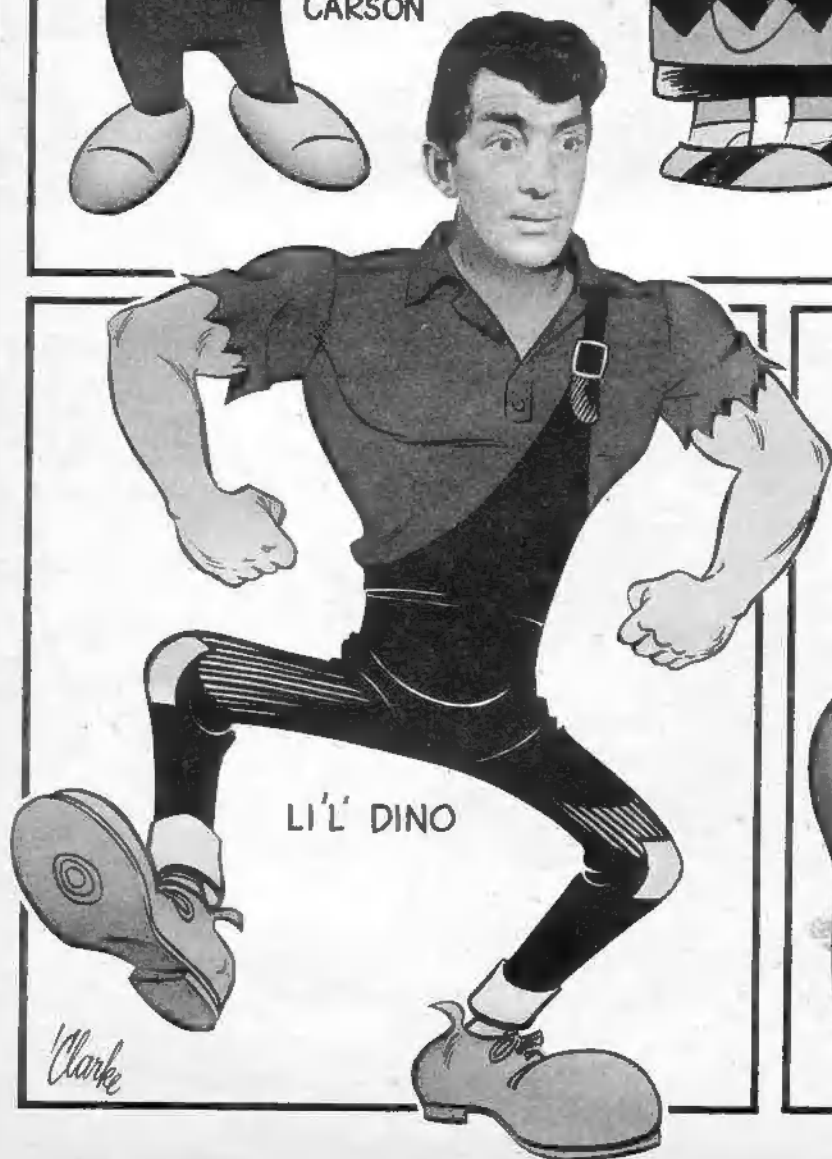


MICKEY  
CARSON

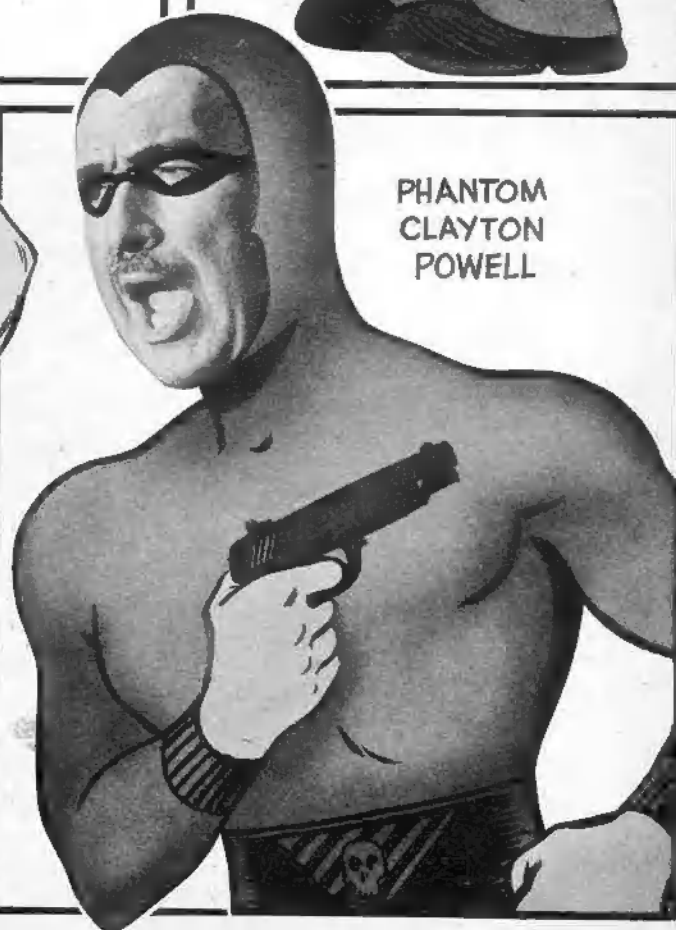
CHARLIE  
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SNUFFY  
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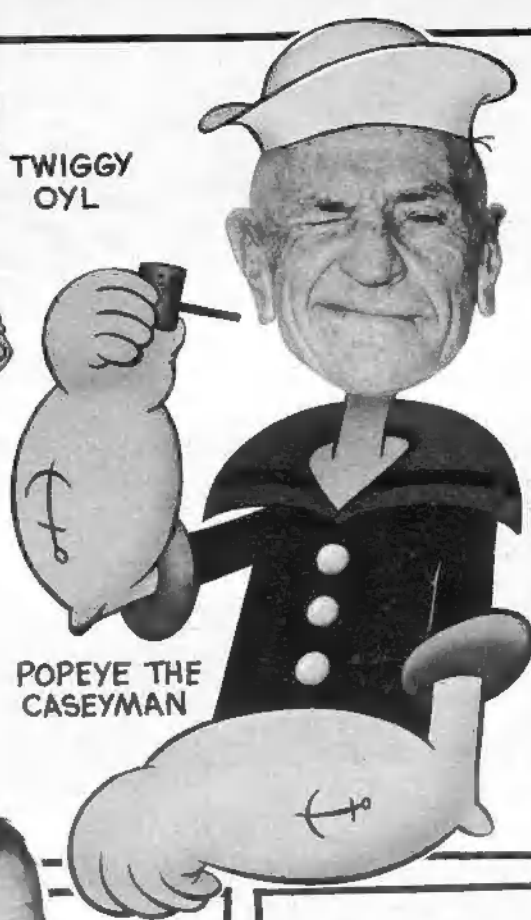


PHANTOM  
CLAYTON  
POWELL

Clarke



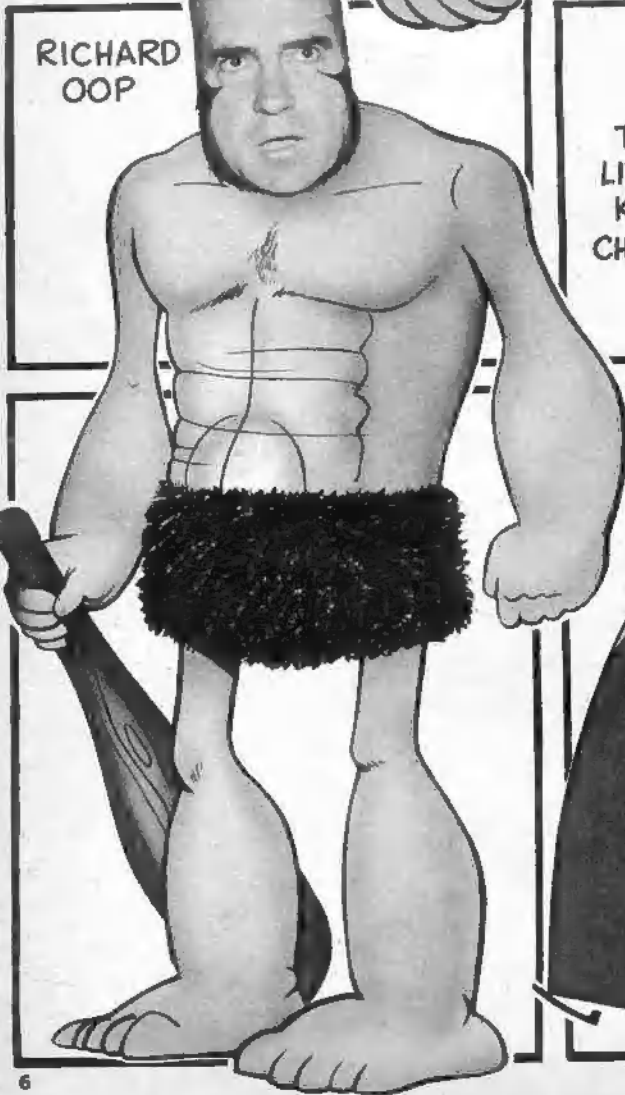
TWIGGY  
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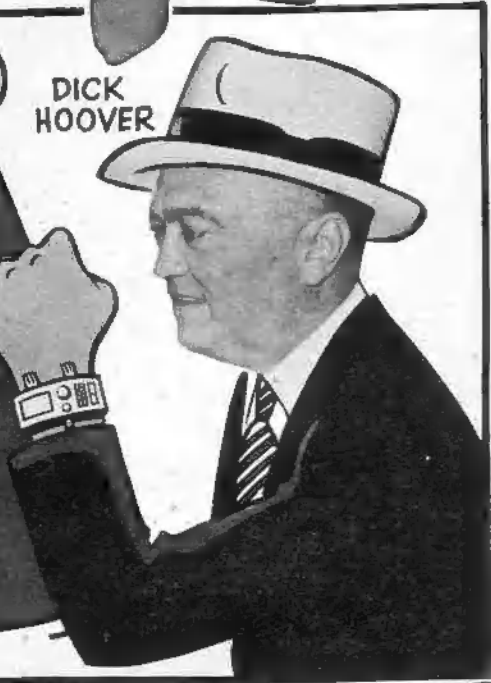
PRINCE  
RINGO



RICHARD  
OOP



THE  
LITTLE  
KING  
CHARLES



DICK  
HOOVER



## TROUBLE IS A-BRUIN DEPT.

They've got Humane Societies to protect animals from being tortured and abused by people . . . but there's nothing to protect people from being tortured and abused by animals! Mainly, TV animals—like "Lassie" and "Flipper" and "Clarence", The Cross-Eyed Lion and "Judy, The Chimp" and that worst torture and abuse of all . . .

# GENTLEEL BEN

Starring...

DENNIS WEAVING  
as  
Warden Tame

BETH BRICKWALL  
as his  
Wife, Helpem

CLINT HOWLER  
as their  
Son, Marsh

&

SOME FURRY IDIOT  
as  
Genteel Ben



ARTIST: DON MARTIN

WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO

## SOMEWHERE IN THE FLORIDA EVERGLADES...

Life is wholesome and keen—  
It's a pleasure, by gosh,  
To cook and to clean  
And to hang out the wash...

Mom, can Genteel Ben and I play a game of tag? Hah? Can we, Mom...?

Play tag?! Why, Marsh—you know Genteel Ben is just a bear! You mustn't treat him like one of your school chums! Of course he can't play tag!

Besides, he's not done with the ironing, yet!



## WHILE IN A CLEARING NOT TOO FAR AWAY...

That's the bear, alright!  
The plan is perfect! Every  
time we pull a job, we kidnap  
the bear first! Afterwards,  
we set him free, planting  
some of the loot on him...

Are you sure  
it will work?

Of course I'm  
sure! Just get  
into that suit  
and trust me!

I trusted you the LAST  
time... when I posed as  
"Lassie"! Do you have any  
idea how humiliating it was  
to stop at every hydrant  
when that cop got suspicious?



## MEANWHILE, BACK AT THE HOUSE...

Dinner was wholesome  
and keen tonight,  
dear... Urrp!

Everyone  
finished?

Almost, Mom!  
Ben's still on  
his dessert!



## WHILE IN THE CLEARING...

Are you sure  
I'm gonna lure  
him out of the  
house with this  
outfit...?

If he's your typical  
bear you will! You'll  
drive him out of his  
mind! All we gotta do  
is wait till it's dark!



## THAT NIGHT...



Oh, Ben... you grunt  
the cutest things...



Got him! Now hurry  
over to the Hasting's  
place and start working  
on the safe while I  
chain him to a tree!

Okay... but you  
could've waited  
another minute or  
two! I think he  
wanted to kiss me!





What's wrong with Ben today? he hasn't eaten his breakfast cereal!

He hasn't even  
eaten the **BOX!**  
He must be sick!!

CALLING  
WARDEN  
TAME...  
CALLING  
WARDEN  
TAME...

Hello!  
 This  
 is  
 Tame!

We know—but we hope  
it'll get wilder as  
the program goes on!  
Listen—somebody  
broke into the  
**Hasting's house last  
night . . . and  
cleaned the place out!**

Did you find any clues?

**Not one!  
Just bear  
tracks  
and honey  
all over  
everything!**

That's no help! Wait there, Chief! I'll be right over in my Air Boat . .

CHIKA-CHUNK... KLIK... SPUK KONK SPUTZ!

**SPAZAT KLOON**

SPOP..SPOP..SPOP

# KAZOP!

PUTT..PUTT.  
PUTT (6

**SPO**

**KLOON  
PUTT**

# KALLOON

A black and white cartoon illustration. A roller coaster car, shaped like a house with a chimney, is falling off a curved track. The word 'SPRINKLER' is written in large, bold, capital letters along the side of the track. The car is falling towards a body of water, where it has just crashed, creating a large, star-shaped splash. There are palm trees and clouds in the background. The drawing is done in a simple, sketchy style.

There's the  
Hasting's  
place . . .  
down there!

**Calling  
Everglades  
Control  
Tower...**

**This is Airboat 319—requesting permission to land! . . . Over!**

You can land  
**OVER** if you  
want to, Tame,  
but I suggest  
you try it  
**RIGHT SIDE UP!**

# VOWIN

VROON

Did you dig up any more clues, Chief?

Just this handkerchief with the initials "G.B."! I don't know any "G.B."—unless it was the entire Green Bay football team!

"G.B." Hmmm! I wonder! "Genteel Ben"...

Genteel Ben! You think HE might know some "G.B.'s"?

Doesn't hurt to ask! I'll see you later...



# The Everglades Harold-Examiner

## SERIES OF ROBBERIES PLAGUES EVERGLADES RANDOM HOUSE BROKEN INTO FLORIDA TRUST CO. ROBBED

ONLY CLUES: BEAR PRINTS AND  
HONEY STAINS OVER EVERYTHING

POLICE SEEK CROOK WITH FUNNY-  
SHAPED FEET AND SWEET TOOTH



There's something funny going on, Marsh!

You can't mean in this story!

No—with Ben! He goes out every night! Do you know where?

Sure! Let's look at his appointment book: Monday—Bowling with Smokey The Bear... Tuesday—Poker with Yogi Bear... Wednesday—Dinner with the Three Bears... Thursday—Watch Fight Films with Max Bear...

Quite frankly, Marsh... there have been several robberies in the area recently, and... well, what with the bear tracks and the honey—

Dad!! Are you suggesting that Genteel Ben had something to do with them? How could you say that? How could you even THINK that... especially when he's standing right there behind you!



Look! You hurt his feelings! Poor Ben...

And you ■ Game Warden... a protector of our helpless furry friends!

You're right, Marsh! I'm—I'm sorry, Ben! I—I guess I lost my head when I heard that the Everglades Jewelry Store was robbed ■ few hours ago...

Shake hands with me, Ben... so I'll know you forgive me for even suspecting you...

SNIFFLE  
SKNIFLE

SNIFFLE  
SNIF...  
SKNIFLE  
SKLUK...  
SKNIFLE  
SKNOSH

SNIFFLE  
SHNORKLE  
SLOBBLE  
SOB





It's a lucky thing my Father's not observant, Genteel Ben! I saw that jewelry! You ARE the one who's been committing all those robberies!



SWIT-SWIT  
SWIZZAT-SWAT

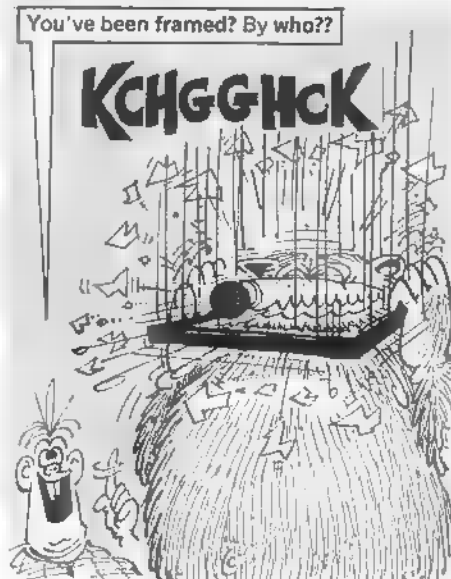


I don't believe you!!



You've been framed? By who??

KCHGGHCK



PLUNK



FWABADAP!

PLAP PLAP PLAP PLAP



You shouldn't have been so inquisitive, Warden Wedlock! Now you're going to have to pay for it... with your life!

It's Dad, Ben! He's in trouble! You've got to save him! Quick... DO YOUR STUFF!



GRRR—GRRIDY—GROO-DOOP-EE-DOO!  
ROWRR—RIDDY—RUFF! YEAH! YEAH!

HEY!  
He's  
GREAT!

A good opening,  
maybe! But what's he  
got for a finish?



TA-DAAAAHHH!!



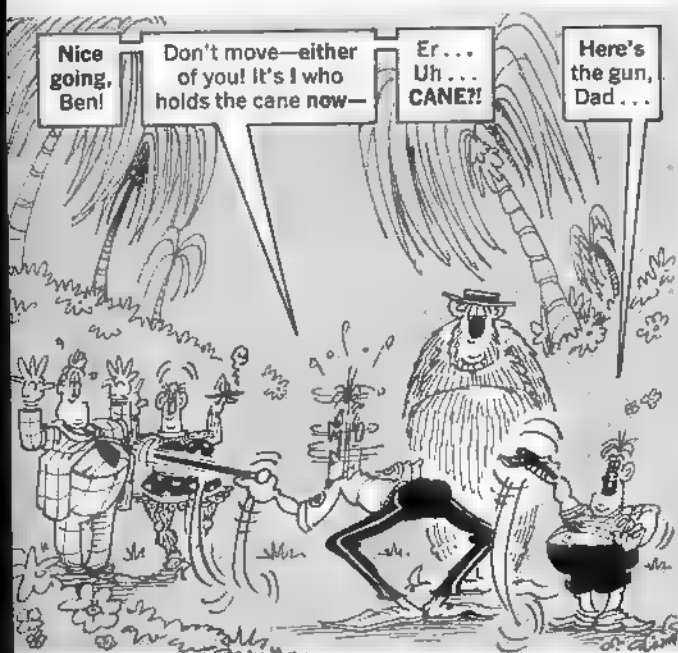
POAK  
TUL

Nice  
going,  
Ben!

Don't move—either  
of you! It's I who  
holds the cane now—

Er...  
Uh...  
CANE?!

Here's  
the gun,  
Dad...



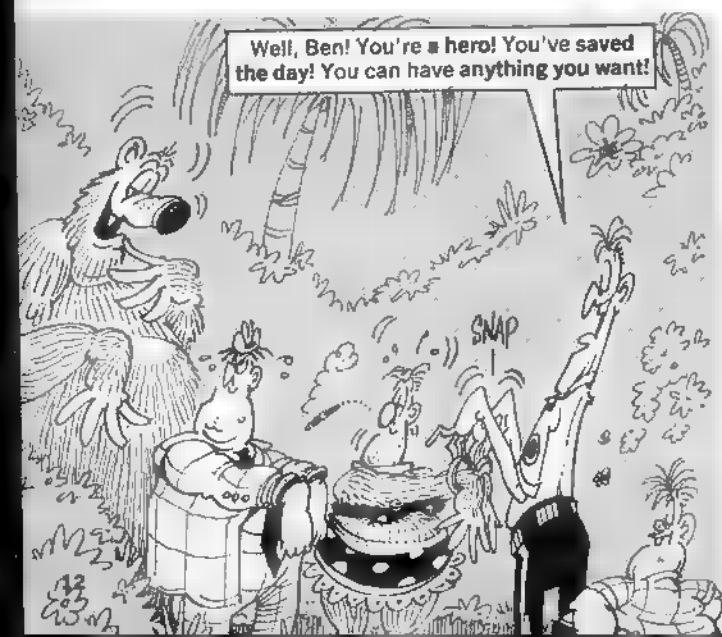
Th-thanks, son—but  
remember... I told  
you never to touch  
a gun until you've  
had some lessons!

But, Dad! Shouldn't  
the part with the  
hole be pointing  
TOWARD the crooks?

Er... uh...  
very good!  
You've just  
had your  
first lesson!



Well, Ben! You're a hero! You've saved  
the day! You can have anything you want!



NOW CUT THAT OUT!!!



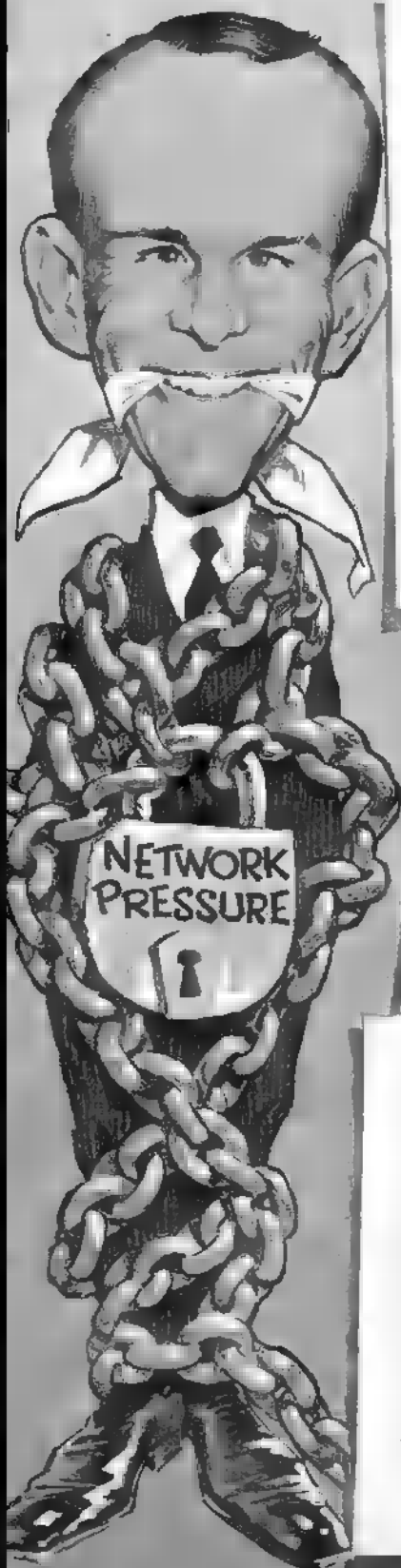


CONSIDERING THE PROBLEMS THEY HAD LAST SEASON, HERE IS MAD'S VERSION OF ....

# A CBS-TV SUMMER MEMO TO THE SMOTHERED BROTHERS

ARTIST: JACK RICKARD

WRITTEN BY: RONNIE NATHAN



## WHEN YOU RETURN THIS FALL...

Be funny, boys, but don't offend  
The sponsor who's your network's friend.  
Be funny, boys, but compromise  
With those who pay to advertise.  
About commercials do not joke,  
And cut the coughing when you smoke.  
Don't quip about computers, please,  
Or ride the auto companies.  
Don't laugh detergents down the drain,  
Or jest about the aeroplane.  
Don't kid the guy who wears cologne,  
And kid you not the telephone.  
Don't pan the man who's bottle-tanned,  
Omit the wit that bites the hand...



Be funny, boys, but don't offend  
The viewers on whom we depend.  
Be funny, boys, but do not twist  
The nose of any chauvinist.  
Don't tweak the beak of Bird-man's mate,  
Or bait a certain Southern state.  
Don't fool around with Uncle Sam,  
And stay away from Vietnam.  
Keep out of War or we are lost,  
Avoid the Draft at any cost.  
Recruitment gags we don't allow,  
Lay off the C.I.A. and Dow.  
Don't kid the Blacks, don't kid the Whites,  
Cross out the Klan and Civil Rights...



Be funny, boys, but not too odd,  
For heaven's sake, don't mention God.  
Be funny, boys, but it's taboo  
To clown with Catholic or Jew.  
You may not spoof, it's understood,  
The sacredness of Motherhood.  
Refrain from cracks that might compel  
Such blasphemies as Damn or Hell.  
Don't speak of sex in your routine,  
Remember you must keep it clean.  
Refer to breast as chest instead,  
And couch in other words, a bed.  
When in the course of our employ,  
No interjection like "Bolshoi!"

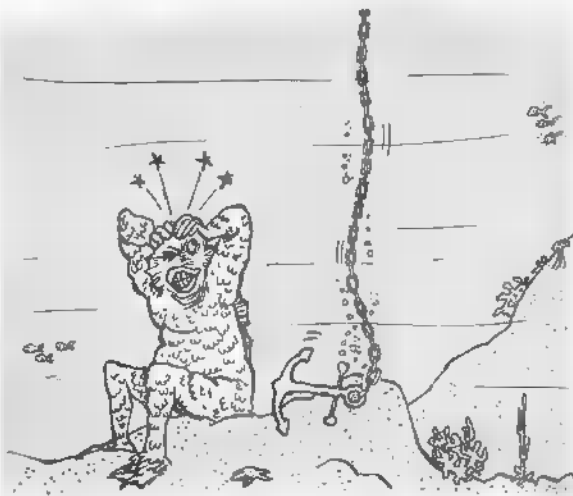
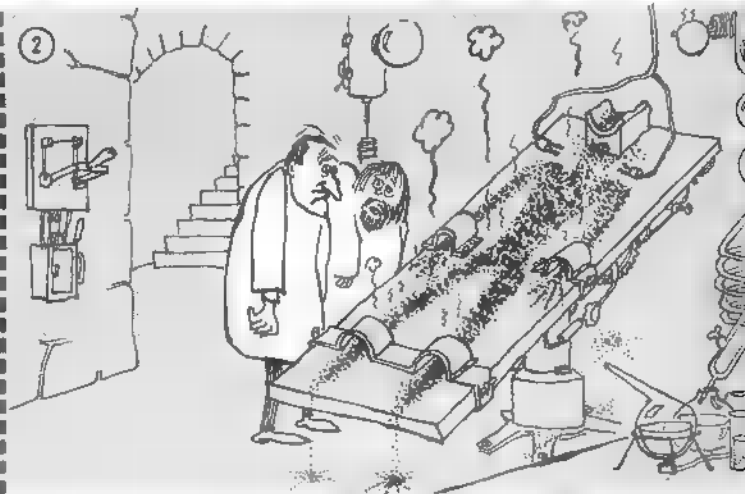
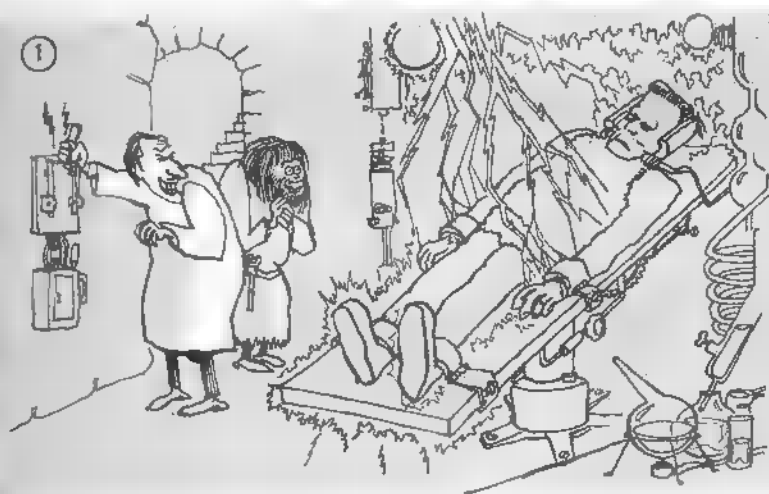
\* \* \* \* \*

Aside from that, boys, do feel free  
To knock 'em dead for old C.B.



MOBY  
AHEAD

# A MAD LOOK AT

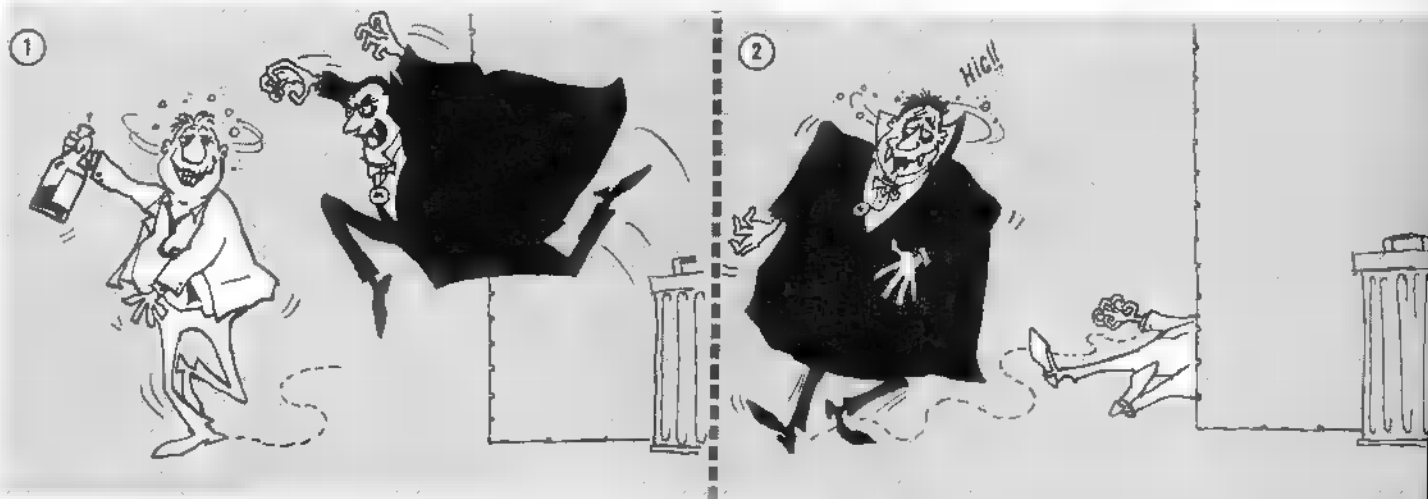


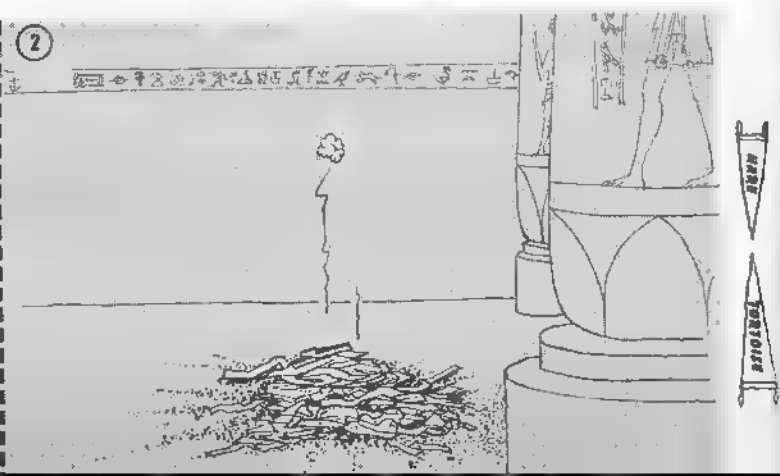
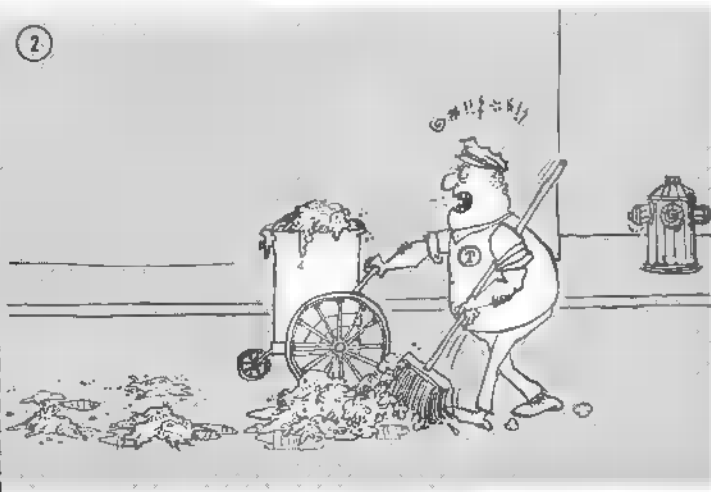


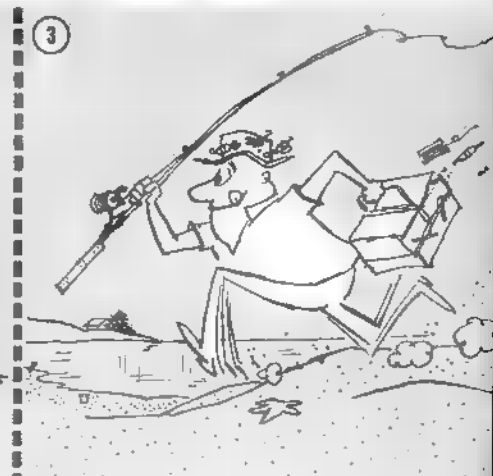
# MONSTERS

ARTIST & WRITER: SERGIO ARAGONES

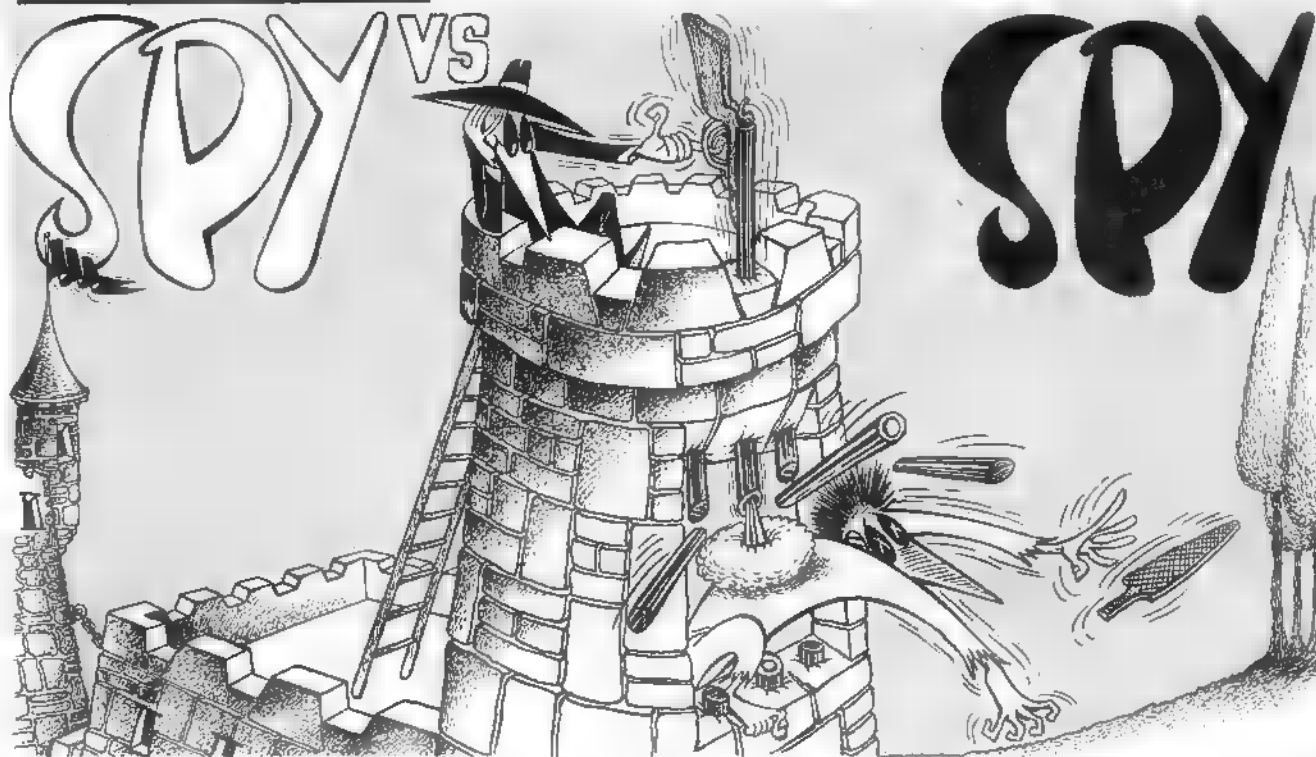
Pepsi  
Coke



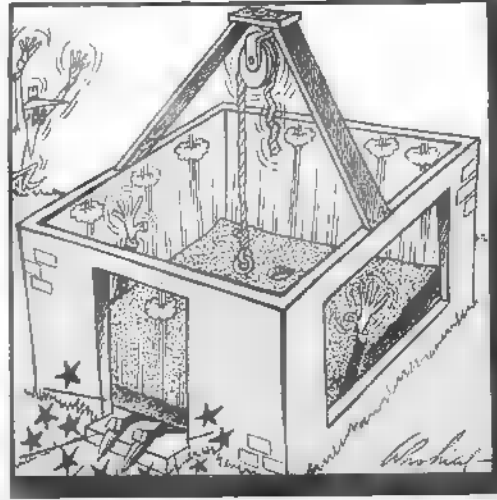








.....



## DEADLY GIVEAWAYS DEPT.

What's the worst part of being home sick during the day? Why, it's having ■ watch "Daytime TV", of course! Not that the "Soap Operas" are so bad. In fact, even the fiftieth re-run of "My Little Margie" has a certain historical value. What's really tough to take, especially in that weakened condition, are those stupid "Game Shows"! Who is responsible for these time-wasting, nauseating spectacles? Come along as we visit...

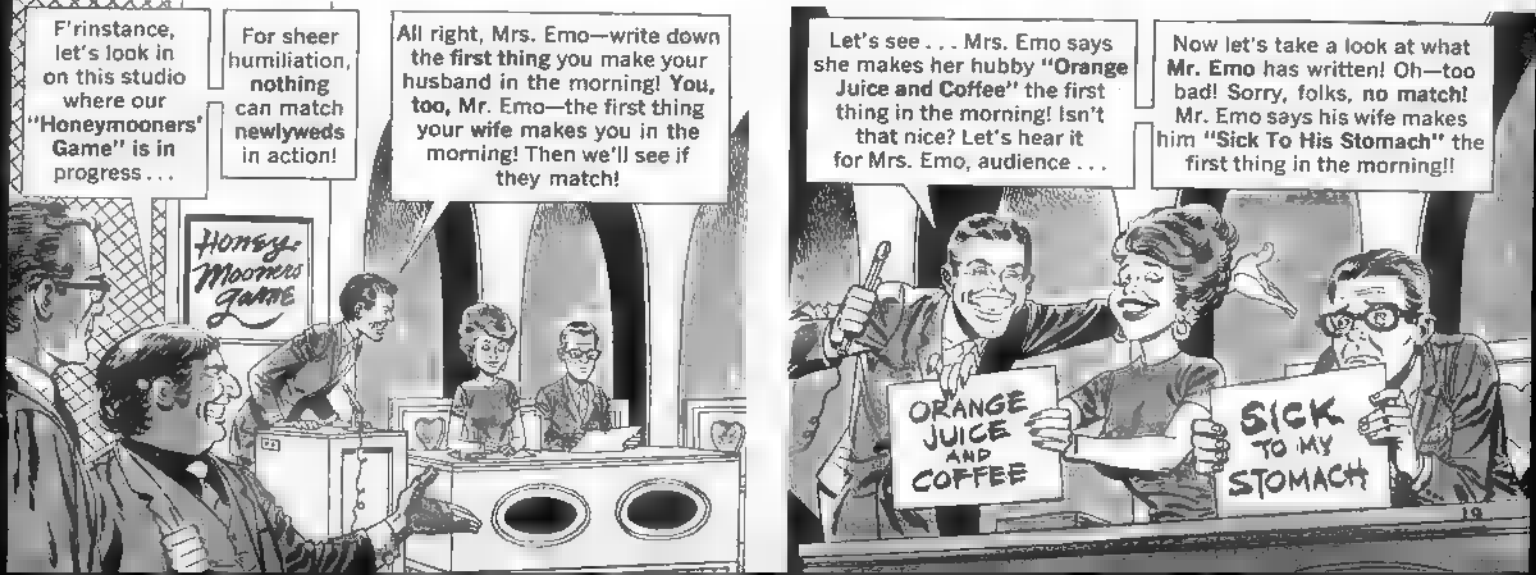
# MAD's "TV Game Show" Originator Of The Year

ARTIST: JOE ORLANDO

WRITER: STAN HART

Earthquake

San Francisco



She looks that bad without make-up, eh, Mr. Emo!

Hey, folks! Isn't this adorable? The Emo's are having their very first fight, and you're now seeing ■ exclusively on the "Honeymooners' Game"!!!!

Well, that certainly is humiliating! What do the contestants win, Chuck?

A six-week all-expense-paid trip to Reno... and that includes Divorce fees!!

They're taping another one of my popular TV Game Shows in this studio! It's called "Let's Swap Something!"

What's the basic appeal of this show?

An element that's almost as popular as humiliation... GREED! The public loves to see greed!

So, Mrs. Dingle, you want to trade your first-born for cash?

WELL, YOU'VE GOT A SWAP!!



Here's your two hundred dollars, Mrs. Dingle—and your baby goes up for swap on tomorrow's show!

Now—will you trade your two hundred dollars for whatever is under that box?

Yes! I'll trade! I want more! More! MORE! MORE!

NO!  
NO!

YOU'LL BE SORRY



Oh, that's too bad, Mrs. Dingle! You goofed! You swapped two hundred dollars for some clothespins!

Okay, audience... let's give stupid here her lumps...

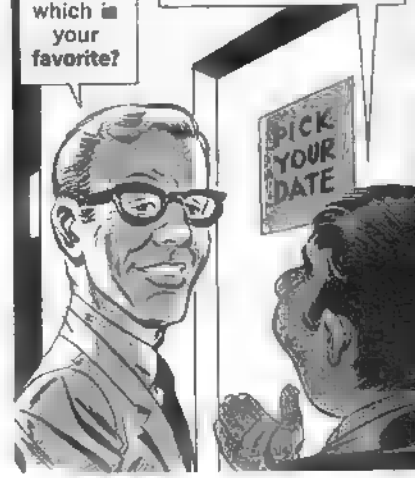
STUPID!

STUPID!!



Tell me, Mr. Barris—of all your TV Game Shows, which is your favorite?

Oh, that would have to be "Pick Your Date"! It's such a natural... a thin coating of innocence spread over RAW SEX!



Now, Albert, if you'll just ask the last of our young ladies a question... and then choose the one you'd like to spend the week-end with in a sleazy hotel...

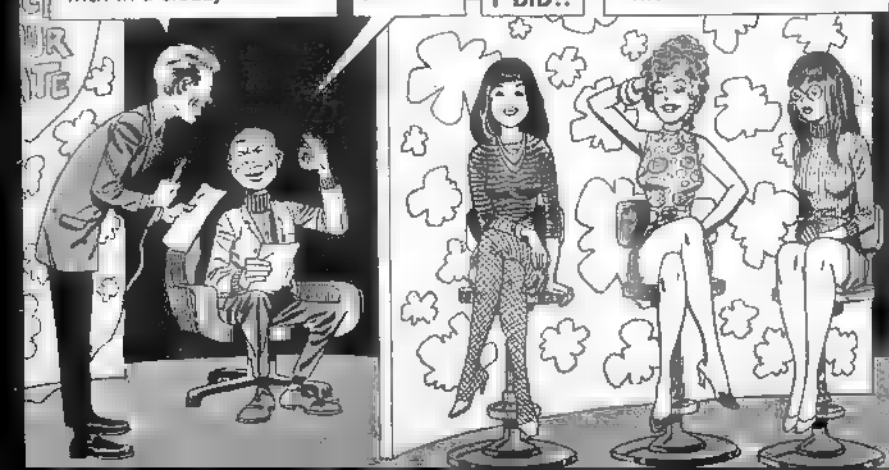
Er—Date number three—would you...?

Finish the question, Albert!

I DID!!

Oh—heh-heh—I see! And which one do you choose?

Number two, because she sounds like she has no moral character at all!



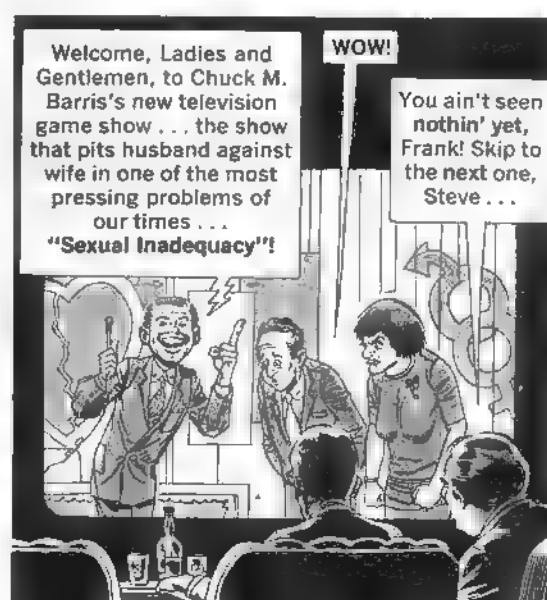
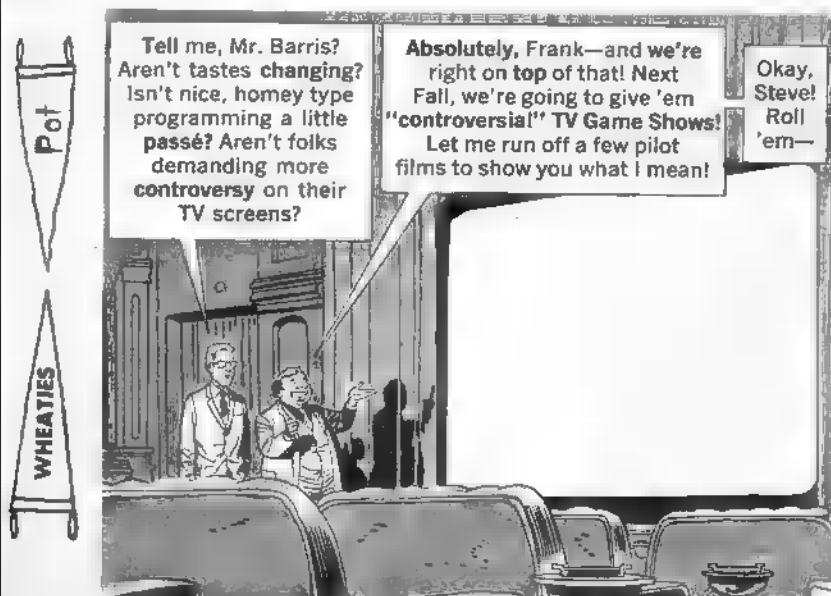
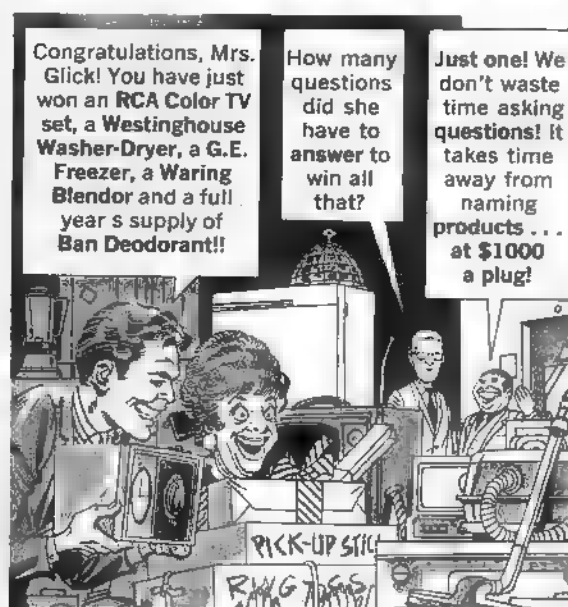
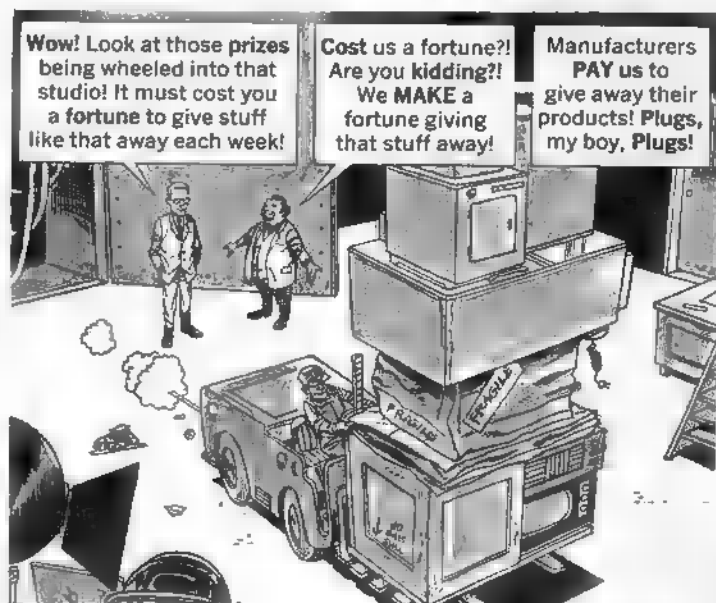
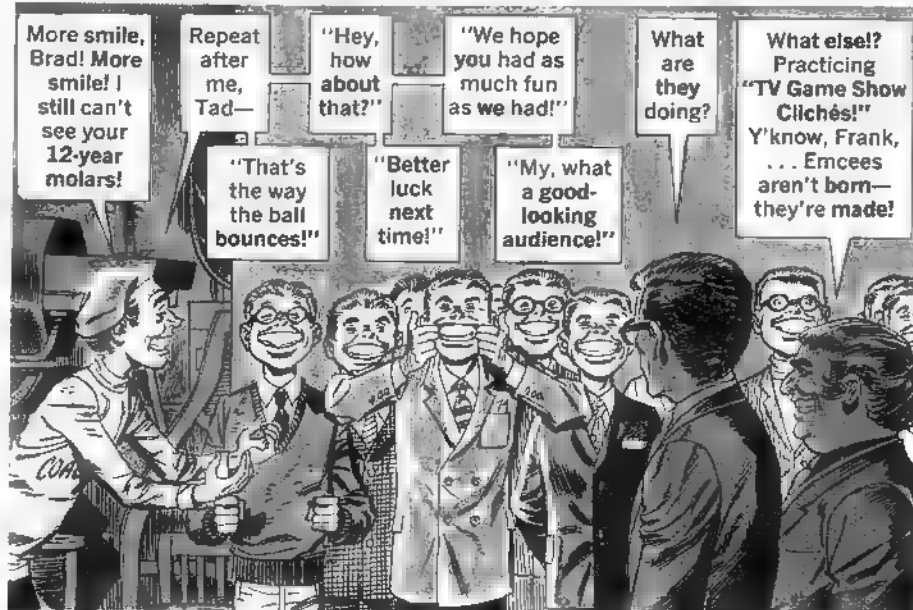
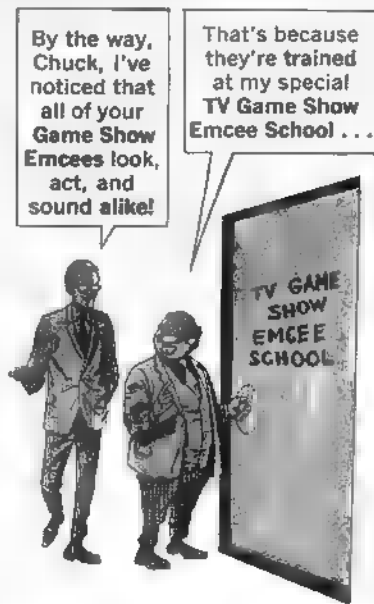
You mean you actually send two complete strangers away to spend a week-end together? Can't that get—er—complicated?

Sure! That's how we're lining up contestants for the new TV Game Show I'm introducing this Fall! It's called "Paternity Suit"! Care to see a pilot?

No, thanks!







Ladies and Gentlemen, welcome to Chuck M. Barris' new television game show—**"The RACE Race"**—in which contestants try to guess the race of victims by testing their reactions to derogatory remarks, bigoted statements and just plain racial slurs! And now, here's—

Gosh! Do you think the public will go for this one, Mr. Barris?

Natch! Racists will love the contestants, and Liberals will root for the victims! We can't lose! And here's another winner! We call it **"J'accuse!"**

All right, members of the guest jury! You've heard all the evidence! Is ■ **"J'accuse!"** or **"N'accuse!"**?

We find the defendant **"Guilty"** in the First Degree...

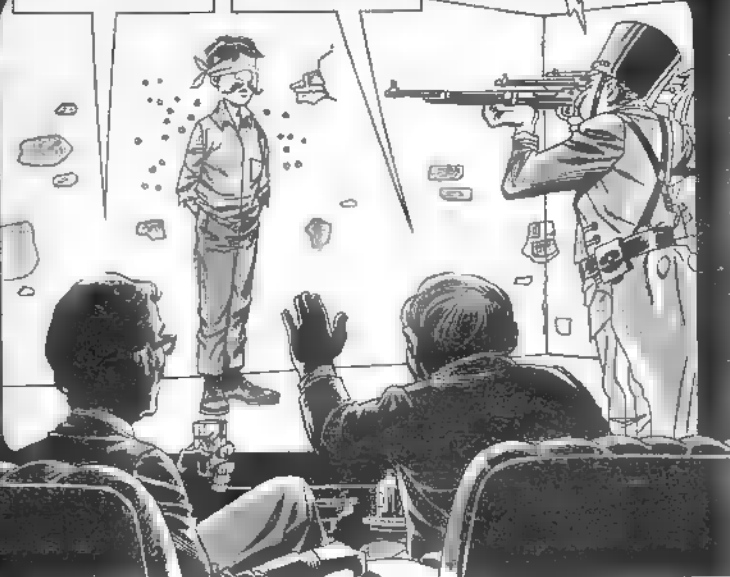
Great! Okay—take him away!



This show doesn't seem so unusual!

Watch, dummy—Don't talk!

Ready... Aim... FIRE!!



And that about wraps up another session of **"J'accuse!"** for this week, folks...

They SHOT him! Good Lord, that's horrible!

Don't be so upset! The widow gets some swell prizes! Every one ■ **Name Brand!**



Well, Chuck, I guess you've gone about as far as you can go in TV Game Shows...

Not quite, Frank! I'm working on the **ULTIMATE TV GAME SHOW!** It's called **"Megatons!"** Only I'm having a little trouble selling ■ to a sponsor!



Why is that?

It's only a **ONE SHOT!!**





SENATOR  
EUGENE MCCARTHY



PRESIDENT  
LYNDON B. JOHNSON



GOVERNOR  
RONALD REAGAN

#### PIECE CANDIDATE DEPT.

In November, America will choose between the candidates of the two major political parties, and one of them will become President of the United States. But what about the other fine men who have vied for their Party's choice at recent National Conventions? And what about the other great men who weren't even in the running? If only we could take the best qualities of each and forge them into one ideal Presidential Candidate! If we *could*, we'd come up with:

# MAD MAGAZINE'S IDEAL PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATE

Conceived by Lou Silverstone

Researched by Max Brandel

Photos by U.P.I. & World Wide



VICE-PRESIDENT  
HUBERT HUMPHREY



GOVERNOR  
NELSON ROCKEFELLER



GOVERNOR  
MARK HATFIELD



EX-PRESIDENT  
DWIGHT D. EISENHOWER



SENATOR  
CHARLES H. PERCY



MAYOR  
JOHN V. LINDSAY



EX-VICE PRESIDENT  
RICHARD M. NIXON



HERE IS **MAD'S** IDEAL



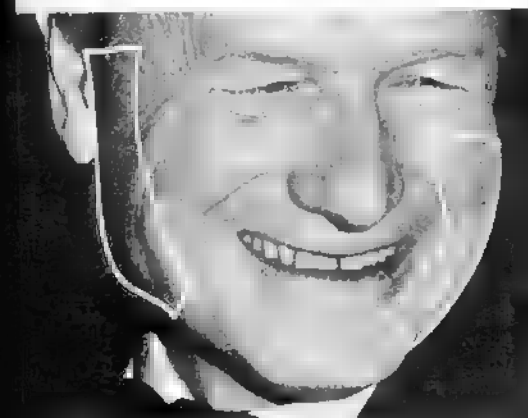
THE "TALK-TO-'EM-HIGHBROW" EYEBROWS OF  
Vice-President Hubert Humphrey



THE "ALWAYS-LOSES-BY-A-NOSE" NOSE OF  
Richard M. Nixon



THE "EAR-TO-THE-RIGHT" RIGHT EAR OF  
Mayor John V. Lindsay



THE "UNMITIGATED CHEEK" CHEEKS OF . . .  
Governor Nelson Rockefeller



THE "LAUGHING-UP-HIS-SLEEVE" GRIN OF  
Ex-Pres. Dwight D. Eisenhower



THE "CREDIBILITY"  
Practically

# **PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATE!**



THE "CONSERVATIVE HEAD" OF HAIR OF  
Governor Ronald Reagan



THE "EYES-ON-THE-WHITE-HOUSE" EYES OF  
Governor Mark Hatfield



THE "EAR-TO-THE-LEFT" LEFT EAR OF . . .  
President Lyndon B. Johnson



THE "STICK-YOUR-CHIN-WAY-OUT" CHIN OF  
Senator Eugene McCarthy



THE "SMILING LINES" SMILE-LINES OF . . .  
Senator Charles H. Percy

"GAP" CREATED BY  
Politicians

If you dug "The Music Man" and his memorable tirade against that pool table ("Ya got TROUBLE, my

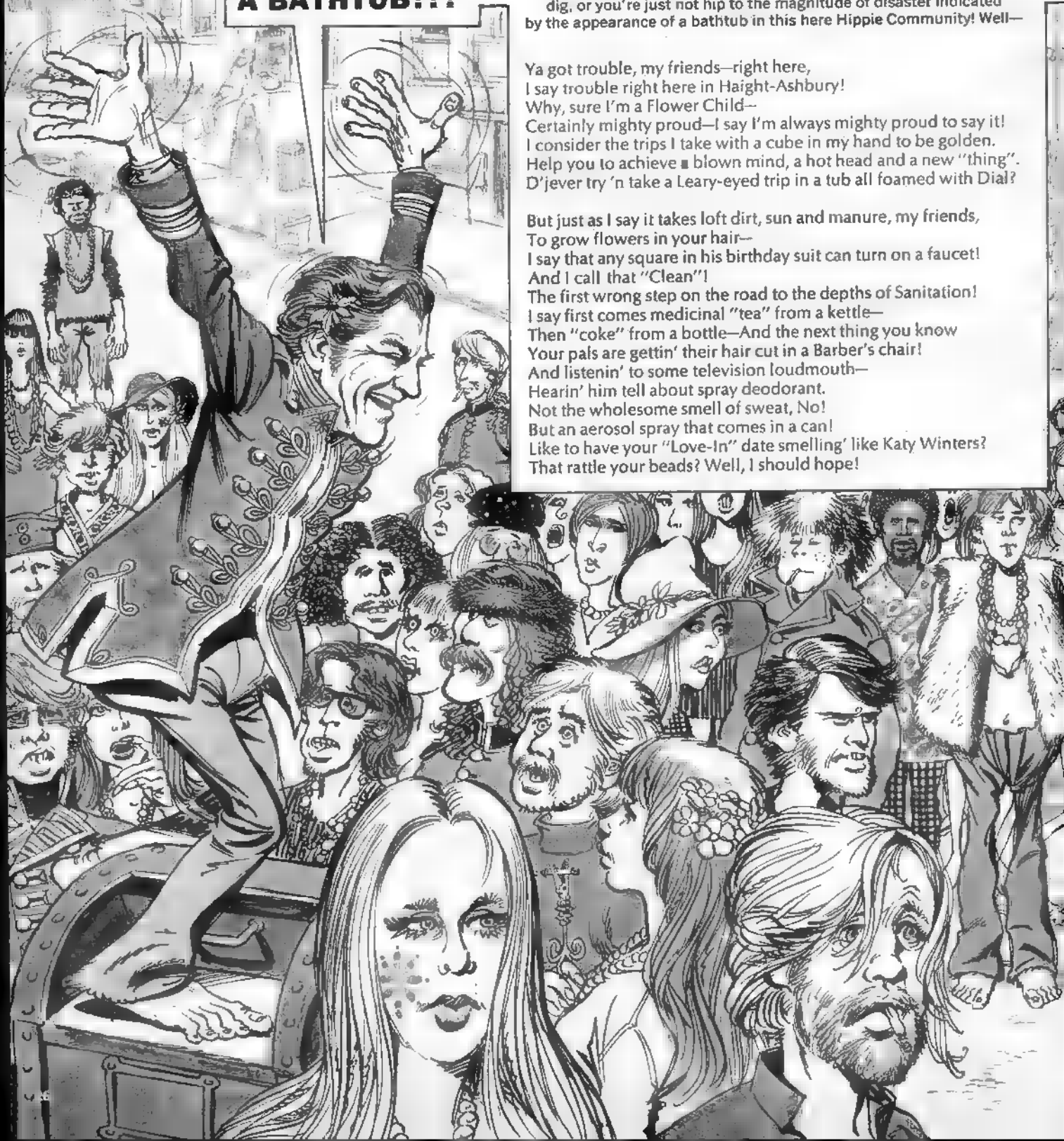
# THE HIPPIE

## A BATHTUB!?!

Either you're tuning yourselves out to a situation you don't wish to dig, or you're just not hip to the magnitude of disaster indicated by the appearance of a bathtub in this here Hippie Community! Well—

Ya got trouble, my friends—right here,  
I say trouble right here in Haight-Ashbury!  
Why, sure I'm a Flower Child—  
Certainly mighty proud—I say I'm always mighty proud to say it!  
I consider the trips I take with a cube in my hand to be golden.  
Help you to achieve a blown mind, a hot head and a new "thing".  
D'jever try 'n take a Leary-eyed trip in a tub all foamed with Dial?

But just as I say it takes loft dirt, sun and manure, my friends,  
To grow flowers in your hair—  
I say that any square in his birthday suit can turn on a faucet!  
And I call that "Clean"!  
The first wrong step on the road to the depths of Sanitation!  
I say first comes medicinal "tea" from a kettle—  
Then "coke" from a bottle—And the next thing you know  
Your pals are gettin' their hair cut in a Barber's chair!  
And listenin' to some television loudmouth—  
Hearin' him tell about spray deodorant.  
Not the wholesome smell of sweat, No!  
But an aerosol spray that comes in a can!  
Like to have your "Love-In" date smelling' like Katy Winters?  
That rattle your beads? Well, I should hope!





friend, right here in River City!'), then you'll flip your lid over MAD's up-to-date version, delivered by...

# PIE MAN

Friends, le'me make it very clear—

Ya got one—two—hot and cold water faucets on a bathtub!  
Faucets that make the diff'rence between any Hippie and Mr. Clean  
With a capital "C" and that rhymes with "B" and that stands for BATH!

And all week long, our Haight-Ashbury youth'll be scrubbin' away—  
I say all our youth'll be scrubbin'—  
Scrubbin' away their March-time, Riot-time, Trip-time, too!

Get the "Dash" in the washer, never mind gettin' necklaces strung,  
Or the flowers watered, or the burlap sewed!  
And never mind filchin' any "Acid"  
Till the Communes are caught with their Sugar Cubes dry  
On a Saturday night 'cause of bubbles!  
Them soap-smellin', hell-raisin' Beelzebub-les!

I'm thinkin' of the boys in their blue jeans  
An' mini-skirted girls  
Climbing into tubs just to take a BATH!  
Ya got trouble, gang—right here in Haight-Ashbury! Trouble!  
With a capital "T" and that rhymes with "B" and that stands for BATH!

Now I know all you cats are the right kind of Hippies  
So I'm gonna be perfectly frank—  
Would you like to know what's gonna happen  
Once the kids start soakin' in a tub?  
They'll start thinkin' about school—thinkin' about work—  
Smokin' butts you can buy in a store, legal!  
An' braggin' about the material things they'll get from the coupons!

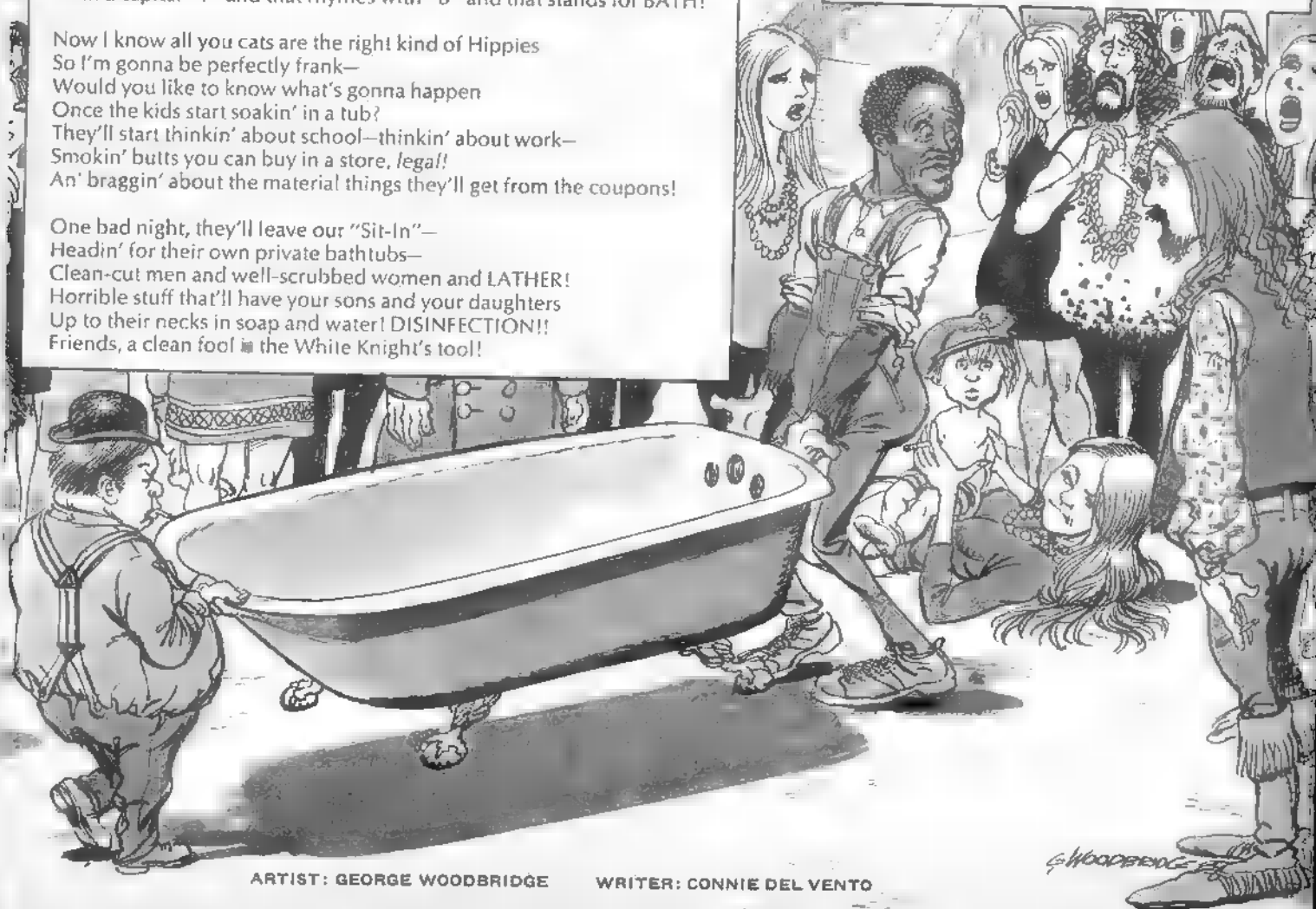
One bad night, they'll leave our "Sit-In"—  
Headin' for their own private bathtubs—  
Clean-cut men and well-scrubbed women and LATHER!  
Horrible stuff that'll have your sons and your daughters  
Up to their necks in soap and water! DISINFECTION!!  
Friends, a clean fool is the White Knight's tool!

Mothers and Fathers of Haight Ashbury! Heed my  
warnin' before it's too late! Watch for the tell-  
tale signs of Clean Living! The minute your kid  
leaves the pad, does he stick his Indian Beads in  
his pocket? Are there regular loafer-type shoes on  
his feet? A "TV Guide" hidden in his "I Ching"? Is  
he startin' to memorize lines from Ronald Reagan's  
speeches? Are certain phrases creeping into his  
vocabulary—like "getting a job" and "making some-  
thing of myself"? If so, my friends...

Ya got trouble!

Man, we got trouble!

Right here in Haight-Ashbury!  
Right here in San Francisco!  
With a capital "We" and that rhymes with "B"  
And that stands for BATH!  
That stands for BATH!  
We gotta figure out a way  
To keep our Hippies off the Ivory path!



ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE

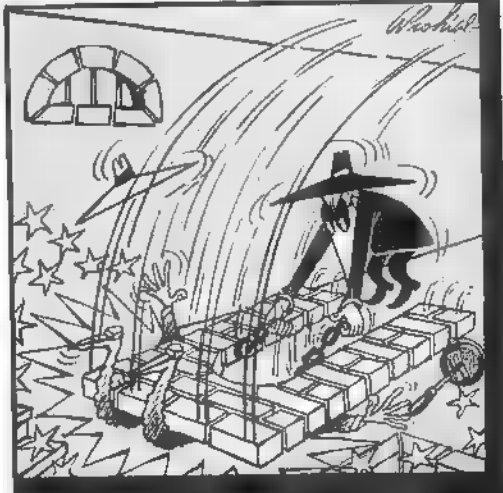
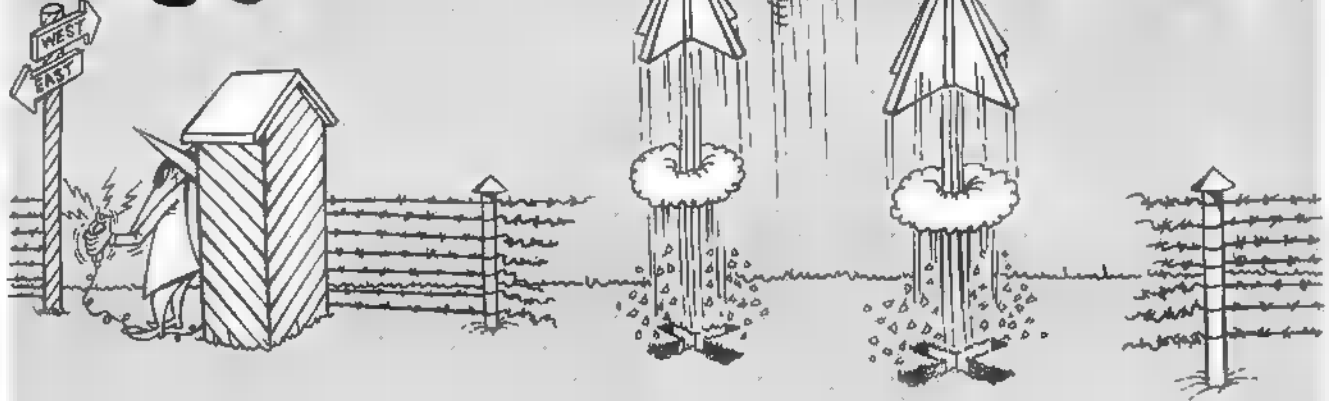
WRITER: CONNIE DEL VENTO

WOODBRIDGE

SPY

VS

SPY



**BUTT OUT! DEPT.**

Once upon a time, all the cigarettes were "Regular" guys, and each one enjoyed his own fair share of the market. Then one of them got ambitious. So he grew a few millimeters longer and crowned himself "King". And soon, "King" was gathering more than his share of the market. Which made the other cigarettes angry. So they all revolted and added enough millimeters to become "Kings" too. Then things finally settled down, and everyone had his fair share of the market once more. Until one of them got ambitious again. This time, he grew and grew until he was a neat, clean 100 millimeters long. So of course, all the other cigarettes grew to be 100 millimeters long. And it looked like things would settle down again. But they didn't. Now, there's real trouble this time! Chesterfield has opened the door to what promises to be a full-scale escalation of the Cigarette War. They've come out with the "Chesterfield 101"—just a silly millimeter longer, but oh the chaos it promises! Already there are rumors that Lucky Strike is planning ■ "102" . . . Tareyton is experimenting with a "103" . . . Old Gold is working on a "105" . . . and others are doubtlessly designing "108's," "110's," "120's," and so forth . So now, let's take ■ look at the consequences of this mad race and see what is bound to happen

WHEN WE HAVE THE FUTURE  
"LONG-LONG"  
CIGARETTE

ARTIST &amp; WRITER: AL JAFFEE



**"Regular"..... 70 Millimeters Long**



**"King Size" .....** ■ **Millimeters Long**



## The "100".....100 Millimeters Long



**The "101" ..... 101 Millimeters Long**



1,000,000,00



## SOLVING THE PROBLEMS CREATED BY Smoking The "Long-Long" Outdoors



In mild weather, this simple, attractive, collapsible, easy-to-store Long-Long Cigarette Supporter will not only be functional, but fun to use. Many smokers will

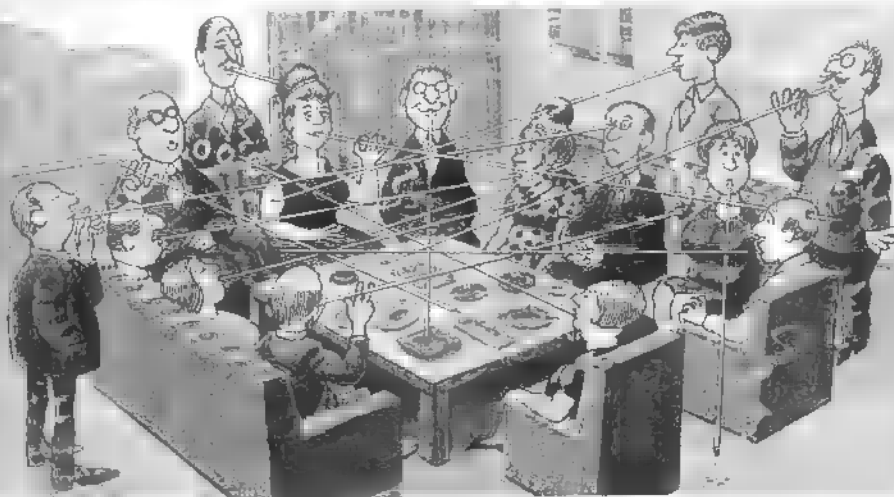
enjoy developing fancy steering skills, while others will take Walter Mitty-type pleasure in daydreaming that they are operating an exciting craft of some sort.



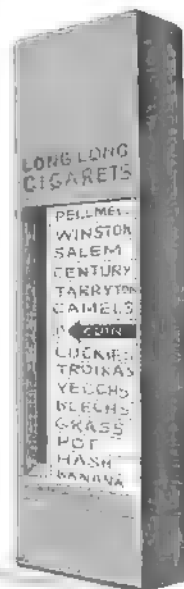
In foul or inclement weather, this more complex Long-Long Cigarette Supporter will prevent any wind or rain damage. Cigarette will rest snug and safe in fireproof,

waterproof plastic tube. Controls in the pusher-handle will activate rudder and elevators, and wide wheel base will prevent tipping while maneuvering in strong gusts.

## Smoking The “Long-Long” Indoors



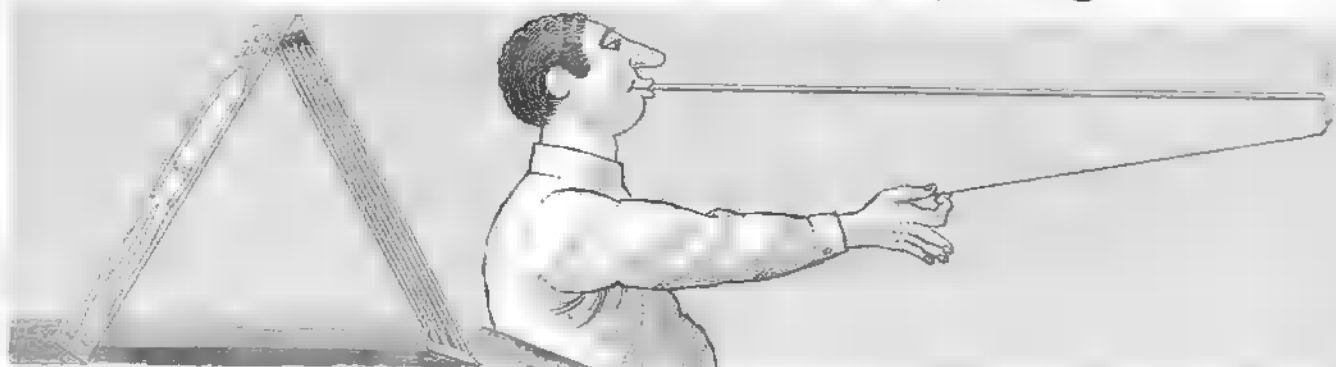
## Retailing The "Long- Long"



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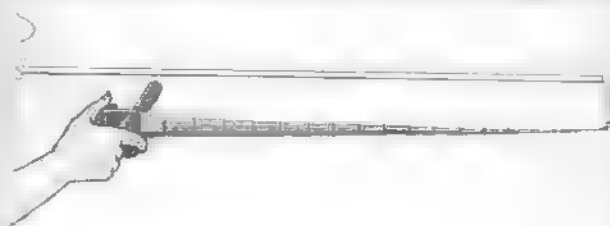
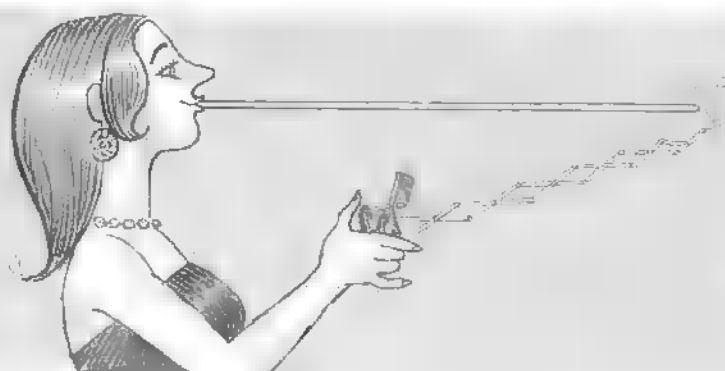
## THE FUTURE "LONG-LONG" CIGARETTE

## Lighting Up The “Long-Long”



Matches, of course, would come in special "Long-Long" lengths, which ought to delight future advertisers who

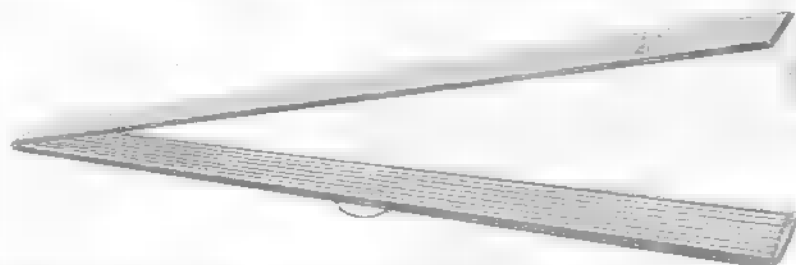
would suddenly find plenty of space on the matchbook covers in which to deliver more lengthy sales pitches.



And lighters would have to be designed with special telescoping devices for extending flame to end of cigarette.



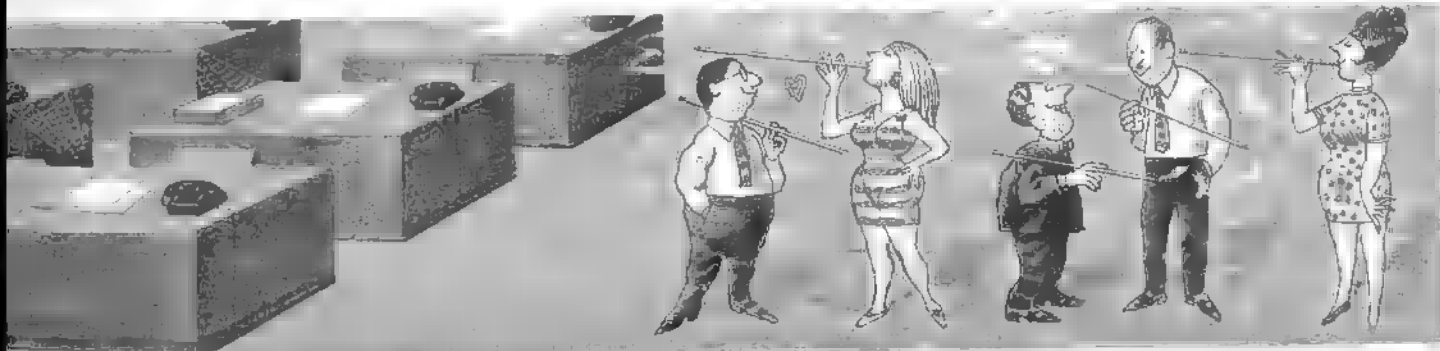
## Carrying The “Long-Long



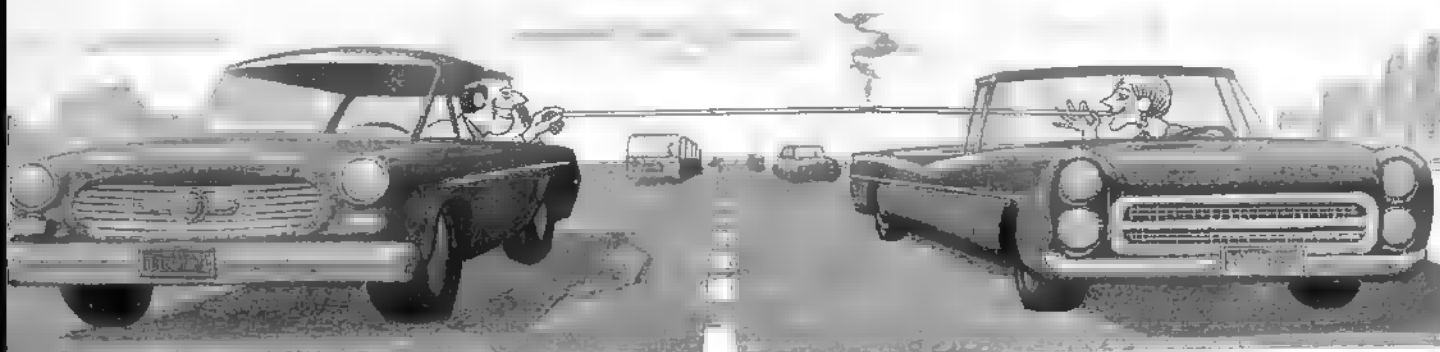
The cigarette case for the "Long-Long" would be designed exactly like the cigarette case of today, except that it would be much longer. And since it will not fit into a suit or coat pocket, it will have to worn outside . . . like a sword. In fact, in an emergency, it could also be used as one!

[illegible]

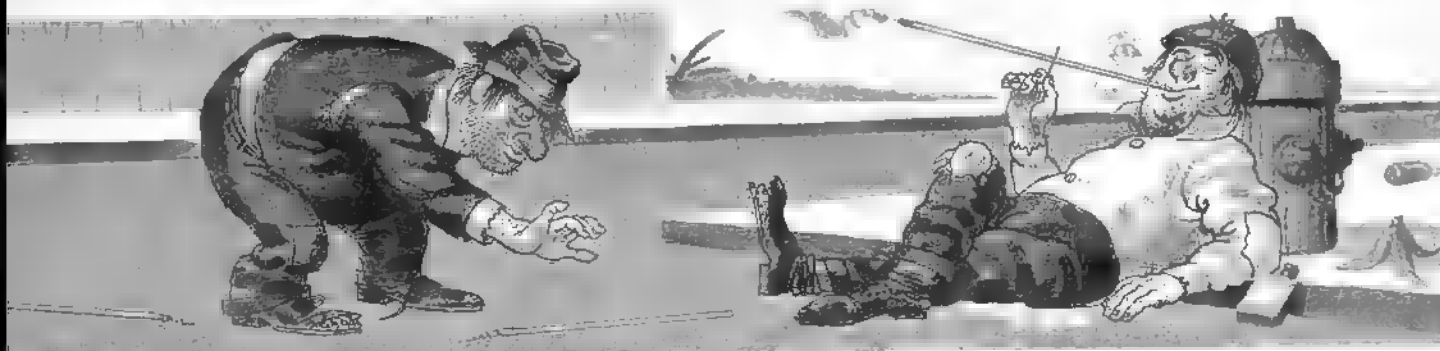
## ADVANTAGES OF SMOKING THE F



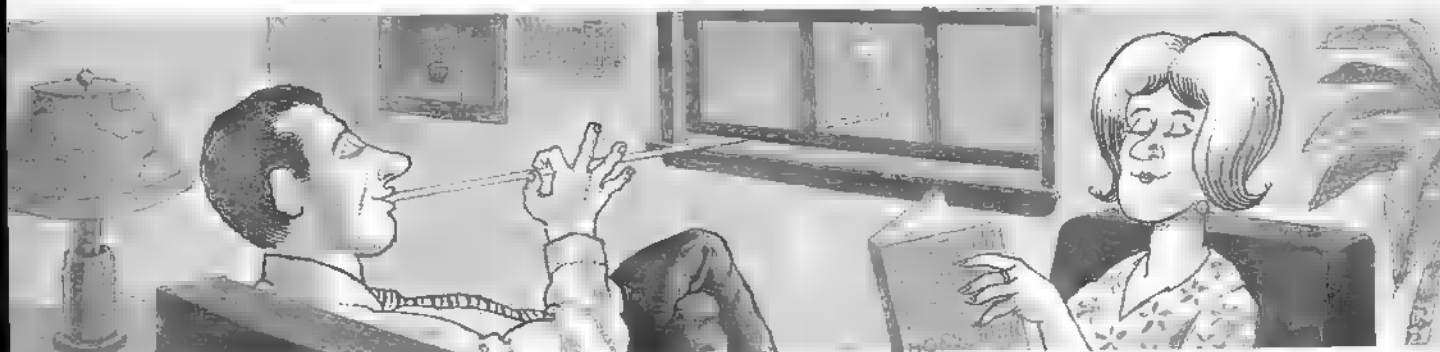
In the future, working people will enjoy "Cigarette Breaks" that last for hours instead of minutes.



You'll be able to give "lights" to people who happen to be inconvenient distances away from you.



Bums will still be able to find plenty of smoking pleasure in discarded Long-Long Cigarette butts.

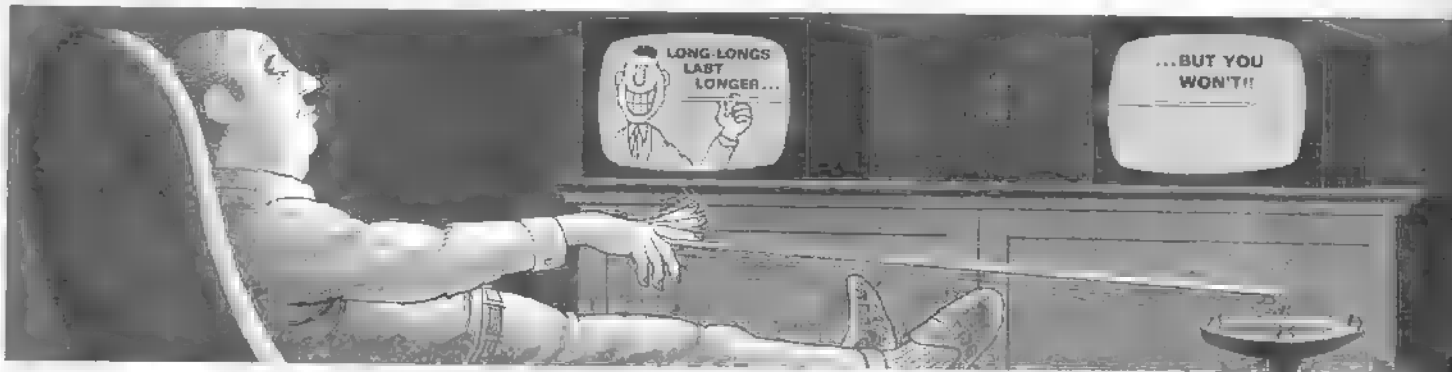


If someone in your family is "allergic" to cigarette smoke, or if they're simply "against smoking", you'll still be able to enjoy puffing ■ Long-Long Cigarette without having to step outside the house.

[illegible]



## UTURE "LONG-LONG" CIGARETTE



You'll be able to flick ashes into ash trays across the room without having to get out of your seat.



If you're a Commuter, it will be possible for you to ride in the "No Smoking" car and still smoke.



You'll be able to light fires, ignite firecrackers, set off bombs, etc. while at a safe distance.



No one will be able to pretend that they're "fresh out" when you want to bum a Long-Long Cigarette. (Of course, this is also a disadvantage if you happen to be on the other end of the transaction.)

**100,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 MILLIMETERS LONG**

**SPOOKING FROM PICTURES DEPT.**

Hey, gang! It's time once again for MAD's nutty old "Cliché Monster" game. Here's how it works: Take any familiar phrase or colloquial expression, give ■ an eerie setting so you create a new-type monster, and you're playing it. Mainly, you're—

# HORRIFYING CLICHÉS

ARTIST: PAUL COKER, JR. WRITERS: PHIL HAHN & NEAL BARBERA and MAY SAKAMI



**Exploding a MYTH**



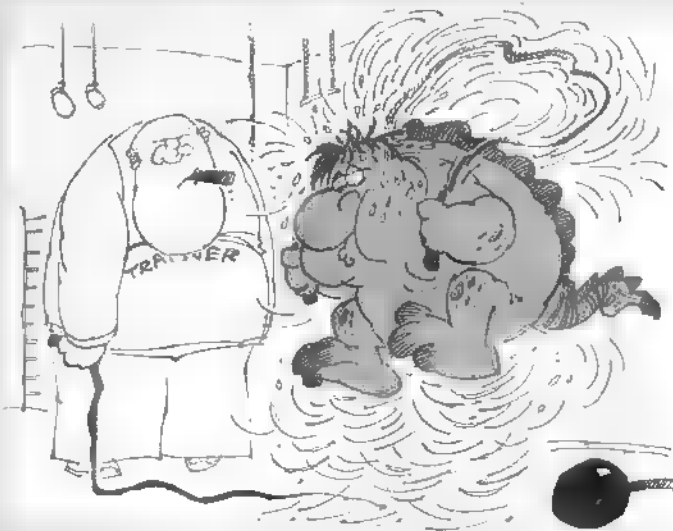
**Dissolving a PARTNERSHIP**



**Re-arranging a SCHEDULE**



**Beating a HASTY RETREAT**



Exercising a **PEROGATIVE**



Provoking an **ARGUMENT**



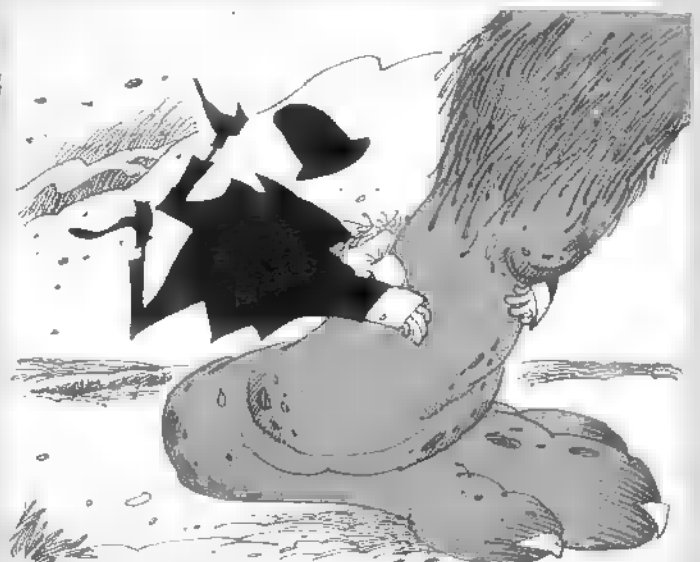
Curbing a **VORACIOUS APPETITE**



Arousing a **SUSPICION**



Courting a **DISASTER**



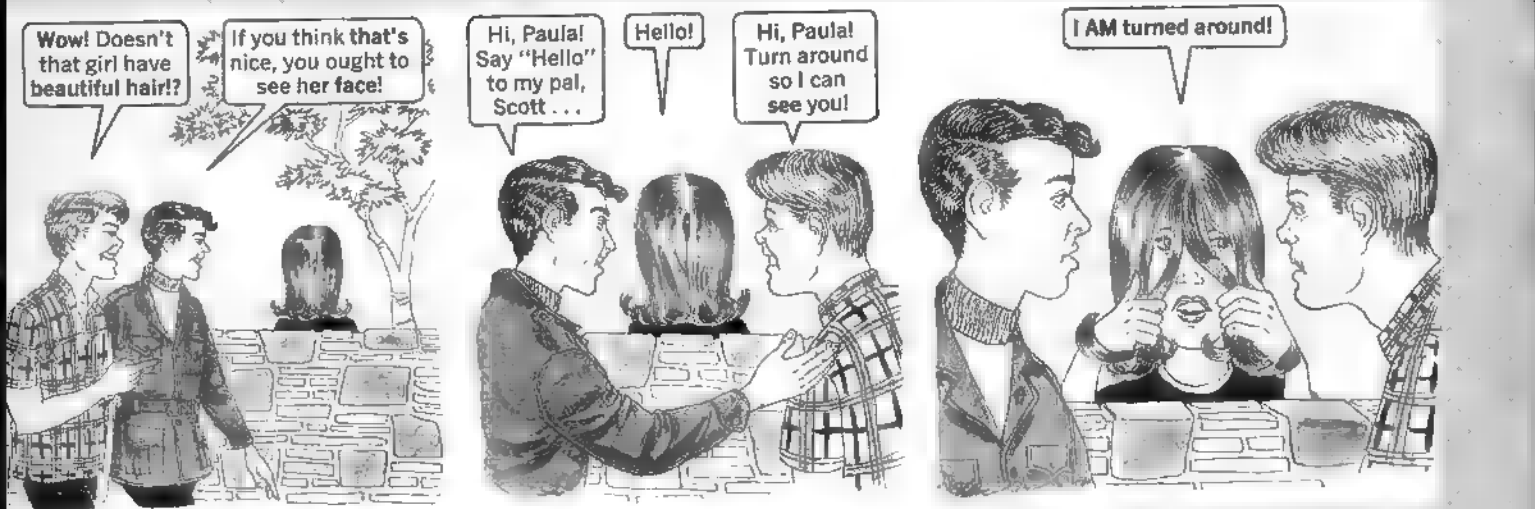
Tackling a **TOUGH ASSIGNMENT**

BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT.

# THE LIGHTER SIDE OF

Plucking  
Trimming  
Cutting  
Shaping  
Shaving  
Shampooing  
Coloring  
Curling

Setting  
Drying  
Brushing  
Combing  
Straightening  
Faking  
Growing and  
Removing...





# HAIR

ARTIST & WRITER: DAVE BERG

This is what I work and slave for? Look at him! He's a bum in that ridiculous long hair! I don't know whether I've got a son . . . or a daughter!

At least those stupid kids who started it all had a "cause", foolish as it was! They were thumbing their noses at the Establishment! But you don't even have a cause! You're just doing it because everyone else is!

Look at you! Hair down to your shoulders! Hair hanging over your face! Hair sticking out all over! You're nothing but a mass of hair!!

Eat your heart out!!



Will you hurry!? Joan and Fred are waiting to give us a boat ride!

I'm coming—just as soon as I get my hair arranged!

How vain can you get? So what if you're balding!?

So—everybody doesn't have to know! By letting my hair grow long on one side and flopping it over, no one ever suspects!



I worry about my daughter—and that crowd she's running around with . . . with their ideas of "The New Morality" . . . and "Sexual Freedom"!

And I worry about my son—with his hot-shot driving! Every time he borrows the car, he turns into a cowboy!

Between the both of you, my hair turned gray!

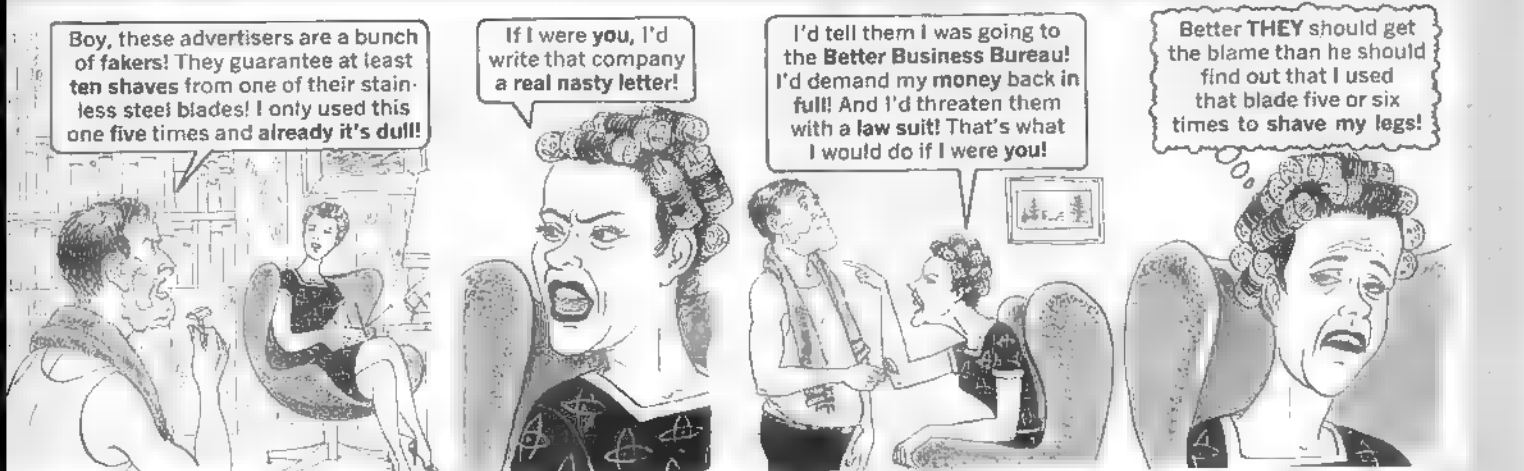
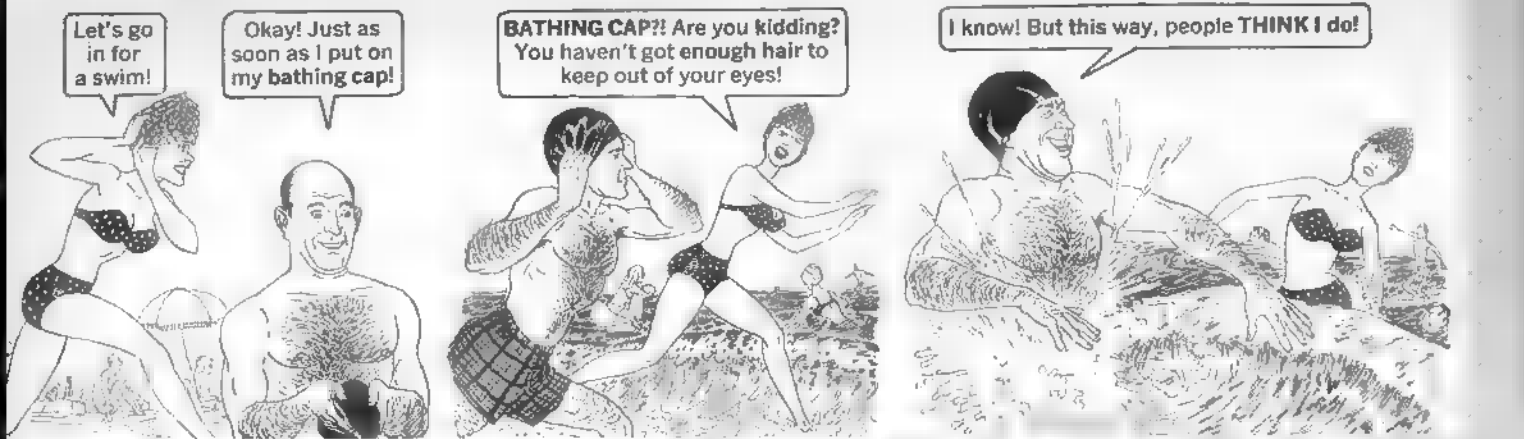
Aw, come off it, Dad! You said yourself that gray hair was hereditary!

It IS!! I got it from my CHILDREN!!



asp

cleopatra



Your hair is so beautiful I could run through it . . . barefooted!

OUCH!!

Whadja do, spray it with that stuff that makes it hard as a rock?

Yep! Still want to run through my hair . . . ?

Yeah, but with shoes on!



Hey! You changed the color of your hair!

Do you like it?

Why shouldn't I like it? I liked you in every other color you had! And this time I noticed it! Right?

Right!

You're always complaining that I never notice when you change the color of your hair, and this time I walked in and spotted it right away, didn't I?

Not exactly!

I changed the color of my hair a week ago!



Dear Florence:  
I think it is my duty to tell you that I saw your husband with a flashy blonde in Dinty's Hideaway Restaurant the other night, and they were carrying on in a most disgraceful manner.  
Wise up!  
A Friend

OKAY, BUSTER! WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT!? WHO IS THIS OTHER WOMAN YOU WERE WITH?

What?! Oh—er—well, I'm glad it's finally out in the open! Yes, it's true! I WAS with a flashy blonde woman the other night!

She was beautiful and charming and sexy, and I love her very deeply! What's more, I'm not ashamed of what I did or who knows about it!

I'LL RAISE A LUMP ON YOUR HEAD THE SIZE OF A BASKETBALL IF YOU DON'T TELL ME WHO SHE IS!

**YOU, DUMMY!**  
You were wearing your blonde wig!!



Hey, mister—why did you grow a beard?

Well for one thing, to be DIFFERENT! I just didn't want to look like one of those 9-to-5 squares!

Also, it made me look OLDER . . . and WISER!

Also, it gave me a certain AIR OF DISTINCTION!

But mostly, I grew a beard because it makes me look so MASCULINE!



LUNGS  
CIGARETTES

David Berg

WIN, PLACE AND SNOW DEPT.

# YOU MAY HAVE ALREADY

The newest thing in junk mail is the "You May Have Already Won..." gimmick! Supposedly, the results of a contest have already been decided, and all you have to do is rush down ■ a store, or mail ■ your lucky number, and collect your loot! Although your chance ■ being a winner is still a zillion ■ one, the gimmick is a success because it manages to hook you into falling for the rest of the advertising pitch. MAD can see the day when this type ■ approach will be carried a bit too far, like f'rinstance:



## SELECTIVE SERVICE SYSTEM Washington, D.C.

THIS IS YOUR  
LUCKY NUMBER: **945-3777-8068**

## YOU MAY HAVE ALREADY BEEN EXEMPT FROM THE DRAFT!

Greetings!

Every month, countless thousands of young men are turned away by the Selective Service System.

Why not drop down to your Local Induction Center, show Sgt. Chick N. Nuncom your number (above), and find out if you're one of the lucky ones?

Any time after 6:00 A.M. on Tuesday, March 4th, will be fine, as long as it isn't after 6:05 A.M.

And just in case you're not a winner, be sure to bring your toothbrush and shaving equipment with you...because you may be staying with us ■ while.

Sincerely yours,

*Silvester Scott*

Silvester Scott, Director  
Local Draft Board #5

## YOU MAY HAVE ALREADY WON!



## A 1968 CADILLAC or a luxurious full-length MINK COAT

or any of 12,000 other prizes including:  
5 COLOR TV SETS • 12 STEREO HI-FI SETS •  
150 AM-FM PORTABLE RADIOS • 11,033 PENCILS

in the new, different and exciting

## RETCHALL DRUGS Golden Sweepstakes

RUSH THIS CARD DOWN TO YOUR NEAREST  
**RETCHALL DRUGSTORE**  
AND SHOW THE HIGH-POWERED SALESCLERK  
YOUR LUCKY NUMBER:

**FX 36902287**

Naturally, you're only going to win a crummy pencil...but then you'll be too embarrassed to leave the store without buying something.

FILL IN YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS BEFORE  
CLAIMING YOUR PRIZE ■ WE CAN SELL IT  
TO OTHER COMPANIES LOOKING FOR SUCKERS

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_

STATE \_\_\_\_\_ ZONE \_\_\_\_\_

This contest is void in States where they've passed laws to protect innocent (but greedy) consumers from making asses of themselves!

## YOU MAY HAVE ALREADY HEARD THIS MOVIE IS A BOMB!

But why not make up your own mind? Why listen to what the Critics say? It's the individual who must decide what he or she likes, not some sourpuss who gets big money for sounding like an intellectual snob. See



STARRING:

Ellis Dee & Mary Whana

WITH:

Peter Honda & The Freak-Outs

... and decide for yourself it's a BOMB!





# Y READ THIS!

ARTIST: JOE ORLANDO

WRITER: ELI STEIN



**MOTOR COMPANY**

**Dearborn, Michigan**

No. 7-Y-567G683456

Dear Customer:

## YOU MAY ALREADY BE SUING US!

However, if you are the owner of the new car with the serial number inscribed above, and you haven't had your accident yet, why not rush your car down to your local Furd Dealer's Service Department. (Whatever you do, don't try to drive it in! We'll pay for the towing!)

We just learned about your defective brakes, and we're doing our best to contact the owners of all 60,789 cars that slipped past our Brake Assembly Inspection Dept.

If we've gotten to you in time, your Furd Dealer will overhaul your brake system absolutely free. But if we're too late, we hope that you are now fully recovered and back on your feet. Just have your lawyer get in touch with us and we'll settle out of court.

Respectfully yours,

*Charles Finucane*

Charles Finucane  
Vice President, Recall Dept.

## SUMMONS

LICENSE  
NUMBER: R-7768

### YOU MAY BE NOT GUILTY OF THE FOLLOWING CHARGES:

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> EXCEEDING THE SPEED LIMIT | <input type="checkbox"/> DRIVING WHILE DRUNK                 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> PARKING ILLEGALLY                    | <input type="checkbox"/> PASSING THROUGH A RED LIGHT         |
| <input type="checkbox"/> PASSING A FULL STOP SIGN             | <input type="checkbox"/> STOPPING AT A GREEN LIGHT           |
| <input type="checkbox"/> MAKING ■ ILLEGAL TURN                | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> OTHER: <i>Not Guilty</i> |

Why not show up at Central Traffic Court one week from this date at 9:00 A.M. and find out. However, if you'll take a tip from me, don't bother to plead "Not Guilty." You'll only waste several more days in court, and the Judge will still throw the book at you. Remember, it's your word against mine!

ARRESTING OFFICER: *Det. Pat Sullivan* DATE: *5/12/68*

**EAST CANARSIE  
NATIONAL BANK**  
BONNIE AND CLYDE STREETS  
CANARSIE, PA.

SPECIAL CHECKING ACCOUNT NO.:  
593 03 2890387

### YOU MAY ALREADY BE OVERDRAWN!

If you're the typical schnook we think you are, you've probably already written two or three more checks than your balance can cover.

Maybe you made a mistake in subtraction a few checks back, and you figured you had more than you've got.

Or perhaps your wife paid for her entire new Spring wardrobe by check and forgot to enter it.

In any case, you're in trouble!

So why not drop in to the bank as soon as possible, and discuss the whole problem with Mr. Finsternick. He'll be glad to arrange a loan for you at 5½% interest (which figures out to be 18%, if you know your math). He's also the one with the direct line to the Police Bunk Squad.

Remember, you have a friend at East Canarsie.

CITY ORDINANCE 241, SECTION 52: ANY PERSON FOUND GUILTY OF WILLFULLY PASSING A BAD CHECK SHALL BE SUBJECT TO A JAIL TERM OF FIVE TO TEN YEARS, AND/OR A FINE OF \$5,000.00 (NOT PAYABLE BY CHECK!)

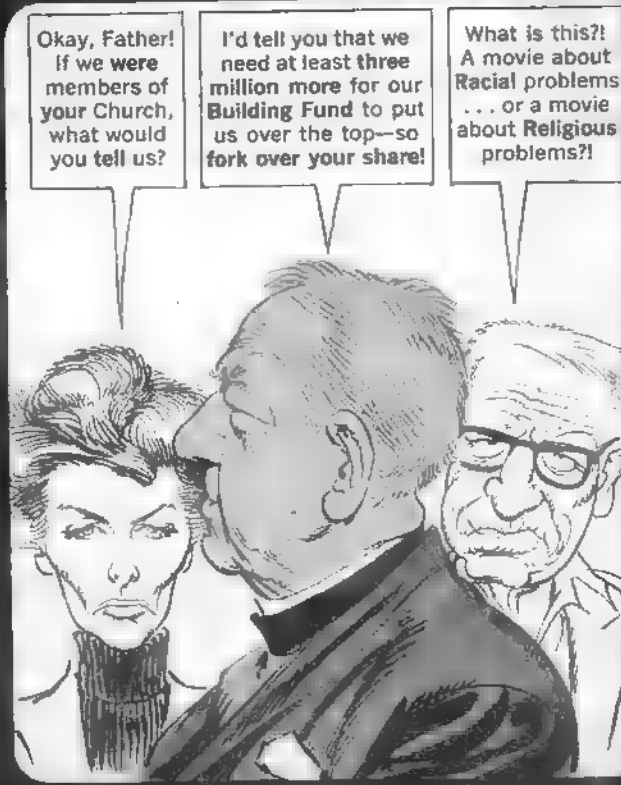
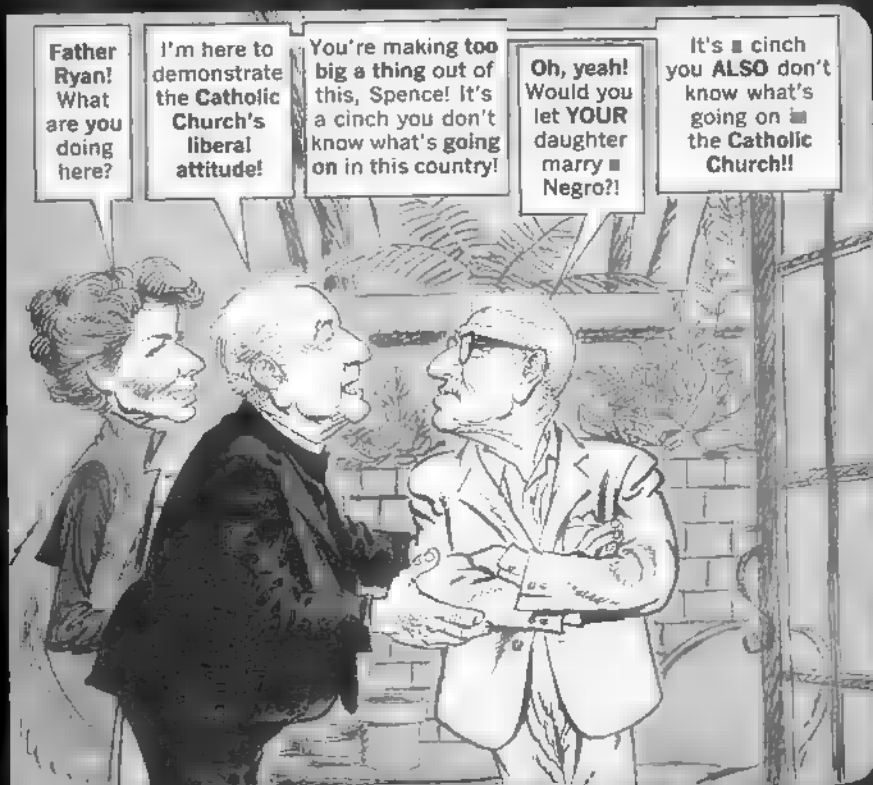
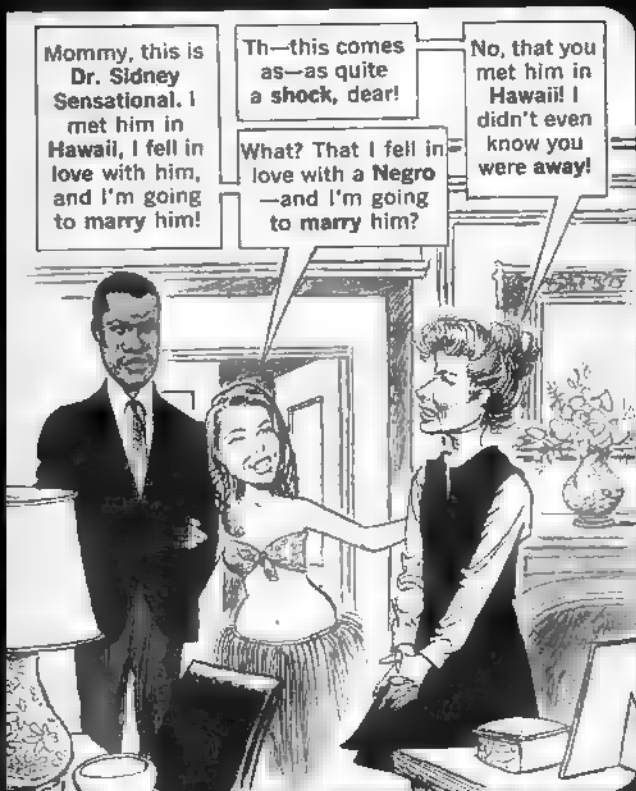


# TAKE THREE! DEPT.

Once again, we proudly present our "Annual Summer Cinematic Satire Special" which saves you the trouble and expense of seeing several movies at one time. (Too bad if you already saw them!) Mainly, here we go with three idiotic...

# MAD

## GUESS WHO'S THROWING

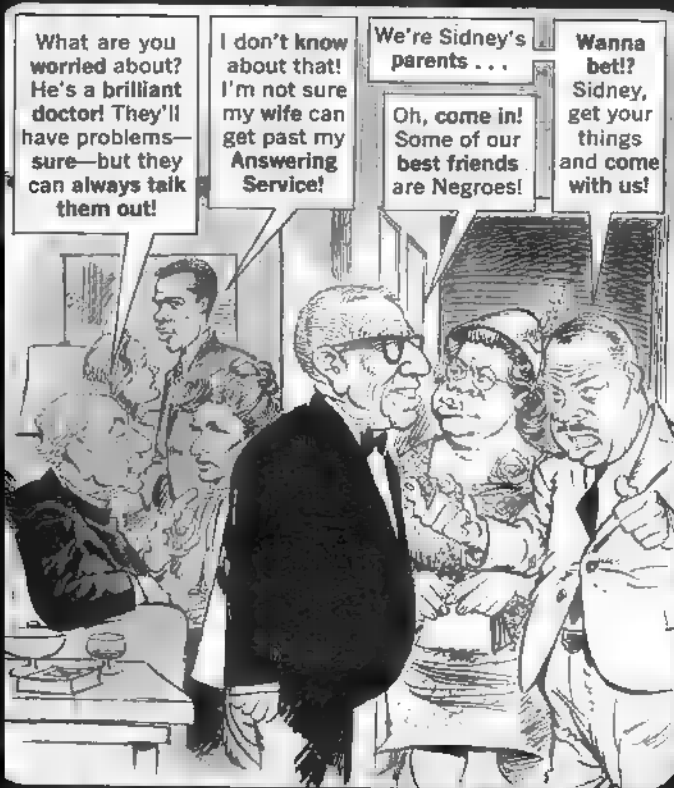
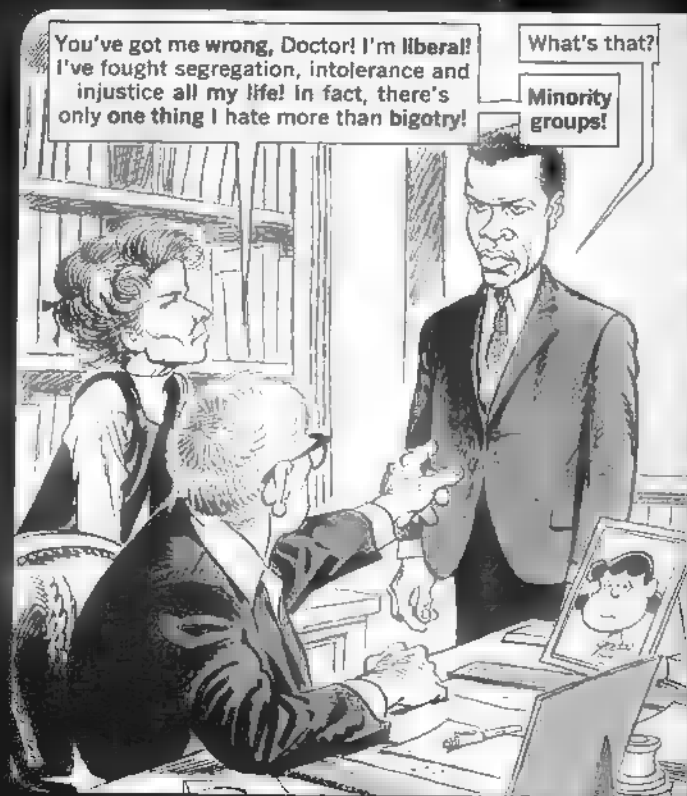


# MINI-MOVIES

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

WRITER: STAN HART

## UP DINNER?



# IN COLD BLECCH!

Can you imagine?!  
Four people in a  
house . . . with **TEN**  
**GRAND** in the safe!

Are you sure of  
your figures?

I'm sure! Why?

I'd hate to drive  
over four hundred  
miles to kill only  
**TWO** people!!



You're fantastic, Percy! You  
can kill without any regard  
for human life and without  
any moral compunction!

Yeah! I was  
always that  
way . . . even  
as a kid!

What did  
you want to  
be when you  
grew up?

One of the  
Joint  
Chiefs  
of Staff!

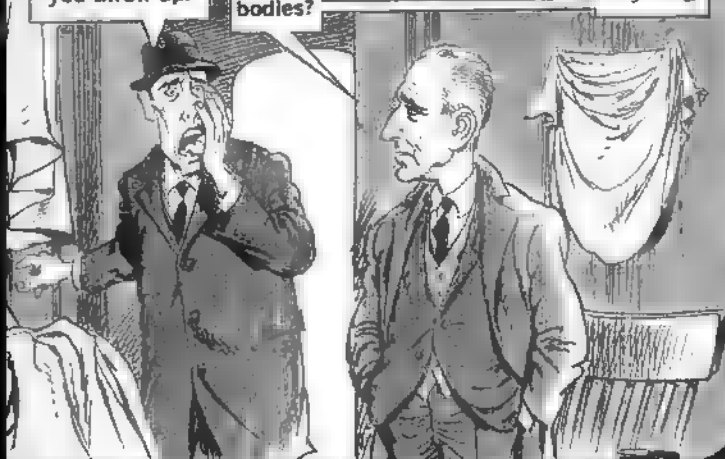


Did you look in  
kitchen? It's  
horrible! It's  
enough to make  
you throw up!

You  
mean  
the  
bodies?

No, the smell!  
The garbage hasn't  
been taken out  
in six days!

Well, you  
told the  
men not  
to **MOVE**  
anything



We  
know  
who  
did  
it!

By clever deduction?  
By brilliant police  
work? By painstaking  
examination of clues?

No . . . a  
friend  
of theirs  
squealed!

You're not a very  
good detective!

And you're not  
a very good  
Truman Capote!



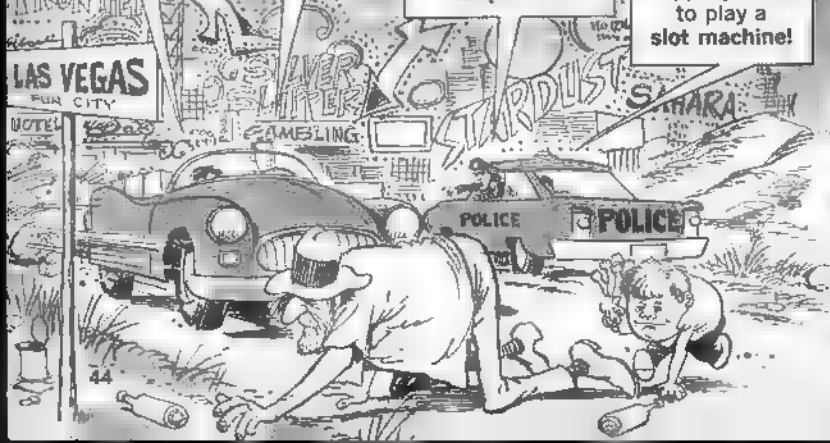
Hey, let's  
make a deal!

Okay . . .

I'll stop calling  
you "Clyde" if  
you stop calling  
me "Bonnie". . .

It's those two guys  
wanted for killing  
four people in  
Kansas! I **KNEW**  
they were acting  
suspicious!

Yeah, Nobody  
drives around  
Las Vegas for  
seven hours  
without  
stopping **ONCE**  
to play a  
slot machine!



They've been grilling  
Hiccup for six straight  
hours in there!  
That's enough to make  
**ANYBODY**  
confess to murder!

Stop it! Stop all  
these questions! I  
can't stand it any  
longer! I'll confess!  
I **DID IT!** I **DID IT!!**

They just  
don't make  
cops like  
they used  
to any more!







I'm going into town tomorrow and march in the Elks Club Parade!

I'm staying home and practice my Baton-Twirling for the Statewide Championships!

I'll be reciting the Pledge of Allegiance at my Boy Scout meeting all day tomorrow!

I'm just going to lie here and think about how wonderful it is to be sick in this great country of ours!



This ain't gonna be murder! This is gonna be self-defense! It's either them or us!

What makes you say that?

If we don't kill them, they're liable to BORE us to death!



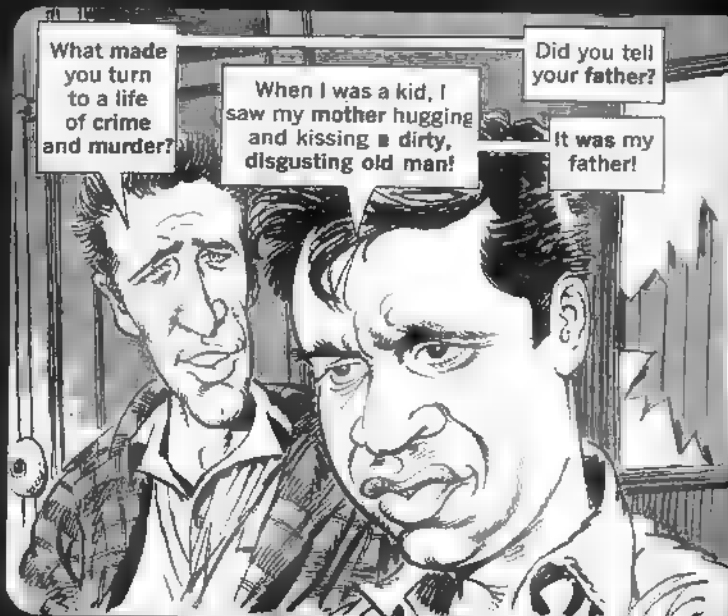
My boy is a good boy! A little wild, maybe, but basically he's a good boy!

He killed four people!

Yeah? How many times has he done THAT?

Once!

See!? A kid does something wrong just once and you guys never let him forget it!

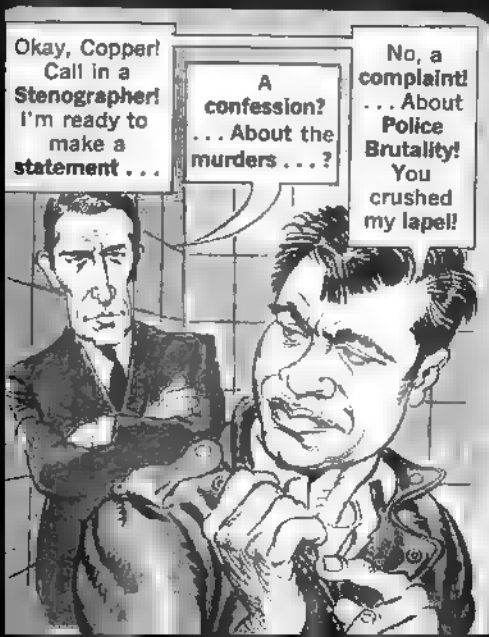


What made you turn to a life of crime and murder?

When I was a kid, I saw my mother hugging and kissing a dirty, disgusting old man!

Did you tell your father?

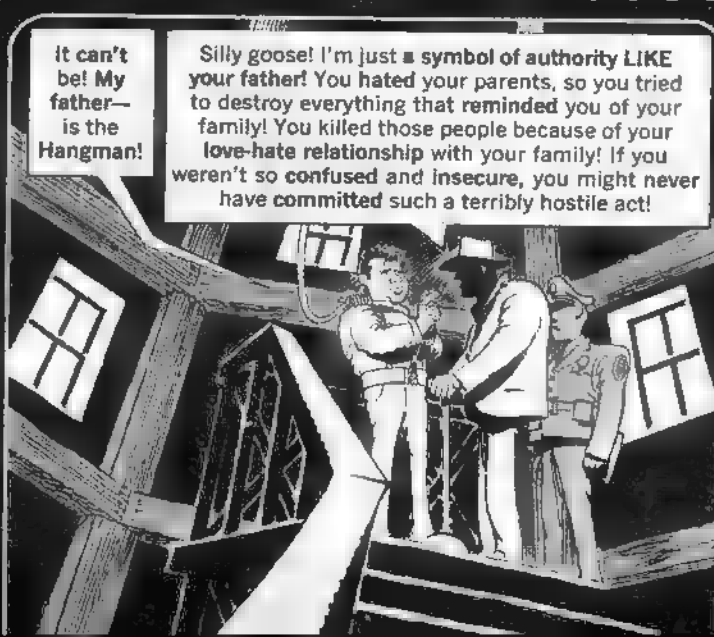
It was my father!



Okay, Copper! Call in a Stenographer! I'm ready to make a statement ...

A confession? ... About the murders ... ?

No, a complaint! ... About Police Brutality! You crushed my lapel!



It can't be! My father—is the Hangman!

Silly goose! I'm just a symbol of authority LIKE your father! You hated your parents, so you tried to destroy everything that reminded you of your family! You killed those people because of your love-hate relationship with your family! If you weren't so confused and insecure, you might never have committed such a terribly hostile act!



NOW he tells me ...  
**GAACCKKI**

# THE POST-GRADUATE

Now that you've graduated, we have it all planned! First, you get a good job! Then you work your way to the top! Then, you marry some nice girl and have kids and a home and a mortgage!

And tomorrow, we have an even MORE exciting day planned!



Gee, Mrs. Robinhood, I drove you home from the party, but I never expected THIS!

Are you afraid of me?

W-why should I be? I can see you're not carrying any concealed weapons!



Let's not do anything we'll be sorry for later on! Couldn't we just sit here and talk!

No! I'm not that kind of girl!



It wasn't MY idea to take out your daughter! My Old Man Insisted!

I warn you! Don't try anything sexy or dirty with her!

You're very protective!

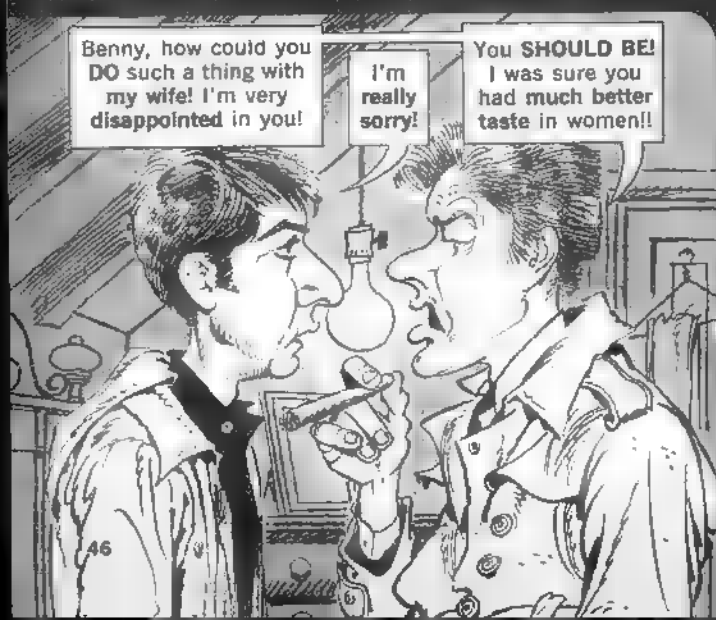
Jerk! I want you to save those things for me!!



Benny, how could you DO such a thing with my wife! I'm very disappointed in you!

I'm really sorry!

You SHOULD BE! I was sure you had much better taste in women!!



I've got to stop Elate from getting married!

Come to think of it—maybe I SHOULD'N'T stop Elate from getting married!

After all, I've been making out pretty good with married women, lately!

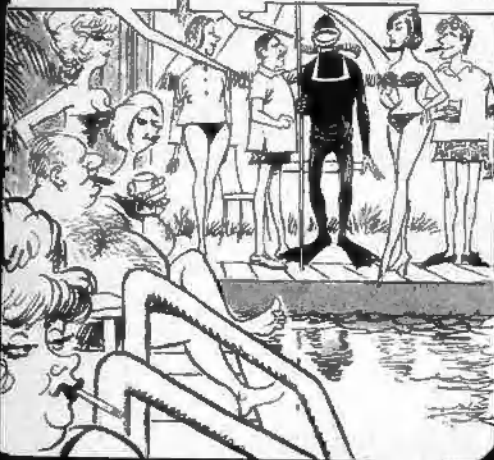


C'mon, Benny!  
Show all the  
folks how  
nice you can  
swim!

But  
I  
can't  
swim!

Then show  
them how  
nice you  
can sink!

But  
I  
might  
drown!



Goody! Then I can  
give you mouth-to-  
mouth resuscitation!  
*Hubba-hubba-hubba!*



But you're  
the wife of  
my father's  
best friend!

So?! I should  
do this with  
strangers??

I-I mean  
... don't  
you think  
I'm doing  
something  
wrong?

Not wrong!  
Just awkward!  
You've caught  
me in the  
zipper!



I've got a confession  
to make, Elate! I've  
been having an affair  
with your Mother!

With my Mother??  
How COULD you?!

Awkwardly!



I think it would  
be best if I went  
away to college,  
Mother! Will I  
see you soon?

Of course, dear! I'll  
visit you for a weekend!  
You can get me a room  
at the Y.M.C.A.!

You  
mean  
the  
Y.W.C.A.!

Don't  
correct  
your  
Mother,  
dear!



Oh, Benny!  
How heroic!  
You've come  
in the nick  
of time to  
rescue me!

That's right,  
Elate! I've  
finally found  
something I  
really love!

Me?

No—hitting  
people with  
religious  
symbols!

How can you DO such an  
objectionable thing?!

You're lucky it's  
not a Star of David!  
That has SIX points!



... and then you'll get a  
job, and I'll have a house in  
the suburbs with a full-time  
maid, and I'll have kids,  
and I'll join the P.T.A. ...

Oh, Mother ...

We're not together  
five minutes and  
already you miss  
your Mother?!

No,  
I  
miss  
YOUR  
Mother!







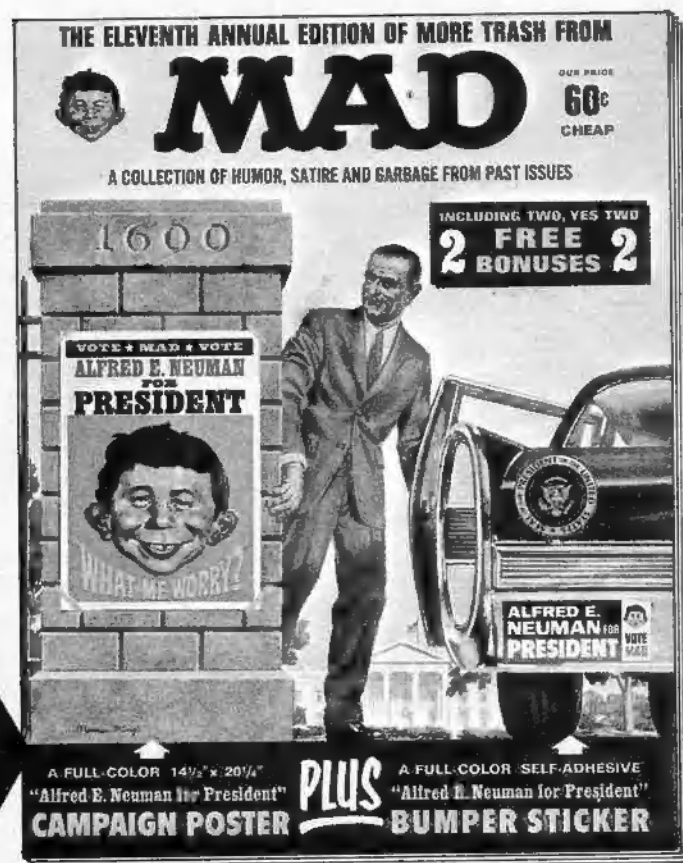
# HAVE YOURSELF A WILD POLITICAL "PARTY"

... WITH A FULL-COLOR 14½" x 20¼"  
"ALFRED E. NEUMAN FOR PRESIDENT"  
CAMPAIGN POSTER

AND A FULL-COLOR SELF-ADHESIVE  
"ALFRED E. NEUMAN FOR PRESIDENT"  
BUMPER STICKER



**YOU GET THEM  
BOTH FREE**  
... ALONG WITH A COLLECTION OF ARTICLES, AD  
SATIRES AND OTHER GARBAGE FROM PAST ISSUES  
**IN THIS LATEST MAD ANNUAL**



**On Sale Now Wherever Magazines Are Sold**

(... or just perused by the cheapskate element!)



**WHAT NEW  
SOURCE OF  
EXPLOSIVE  
ENERGY  
HAS THE  
UNITED STATES  
DEVELOPED?**

## **HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS MAD FOLD-IN**

The United States, the nation that first unleashed Atomic Energy, has developed another, even greater explosive force. And like Atomic Energy, this new force can be both destructive and beneficial, depending upon how it is used. To find out what it is, fold page in as shown.



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A

FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT

B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"



**BLASTING CROWDED CITIES OUT OF EXISTENCE IS A SICK  
APPLICATION OF THIS GREAT NEW POWER. ONLY A  
POLICY OF PEACEFUL CONSTRUCTIVE USE IS THE ANSWER**

ARTIST & WRITER:  
AL JAFFEE

A

B



**MAD'S  
Great  
Moments  
In  
Advertising**

**The Day  
They  
Fired  
The  
Goodrich  
Girl-Giant  
Ho!  
Ho!  
Ho!**

